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By Robert Sam Anson

Part 1: The Rock Years

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NOVEMBER 26, 1976
VOLUME 7, NUMBER 11

New Times

Citizen Wenner

In the sixties, he was the *Wunderkind* of the publishing community. Now that he's 30, and *Rolling Stone* is well established, Jann Wenner is looking for new worlds to conquer: an empire as big as Hearst's, a key political office, perhaps even the White House. As Wenner himself might say, his raw ambition "only adds to the blackness of my mystique."
By Robert Sam Anson
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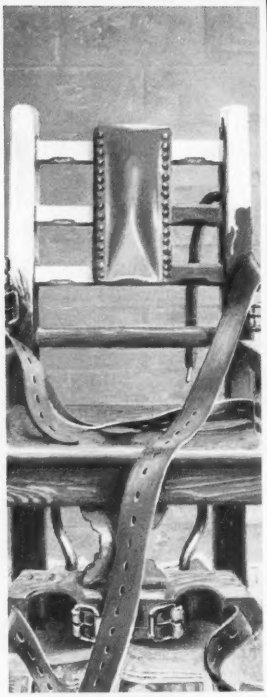

Death watch in Georgia

For twelve years, the electric chair in Georgia's Reidsville state prison has been gathering dust. But, following the Supreme Court's capital punishment decision, officials and inmates—including the murderers of the six Aldays—began to prepare for the executions.
By Lawrence Wright
Page 55

Now, the Inner Game of everything

Admirers of tennis guru Tim Gallwey are discovering that the theories of the Inner Game, so potent on court, can be successfully applied off-court to pursuits as diverse as dancing and computer sales.
By Tony Schwartz
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Party Lines
One last look at this election's losers.
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Will a populist be in the White House?
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The Deans review the Nixon years.
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Movies: Tycoons and tirades
Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon* is meticulously reworked by Kazan. Chayefsky's *Network* is simply over-worked.
By Richard Corliss
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Music: More than just a bar band
Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes come up with a classic R&B album.
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The confessions of junk food junkies.
By Miriam Ungerer
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Final Tribute
Main Street is on the skids.
By Jim Wright
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COVER. ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

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Melanie. A talent that was always there, subtly growing, ripening,
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Are you still smoking?

In the years since the criticism against smoking first appeared, many people have given up cigarettes. But many more people haven't.

And that's who we'd like to talk to. That even larger group of people who are still smoking today.

If you're still a smoker, you've probably heard the charges leveled against 'tar' and nicotine. You may have become concerned. And chances are you even tried to do something about it. Like trying several of those empty-tasting low 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes.

If you're like a lot of other smokers, you probably went right back to your old brand, and concluded that a good-tasting low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette has never been invented.

Well, if that's the case, you haven't tried Vantage.

Vantage cuts down substantially on the 'tar' and nicotine you may have become concerned about. Without cutting out that satisfying tobacco flavor you've come to appreciate.

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Party Lines

Losers/By Robert Shrum

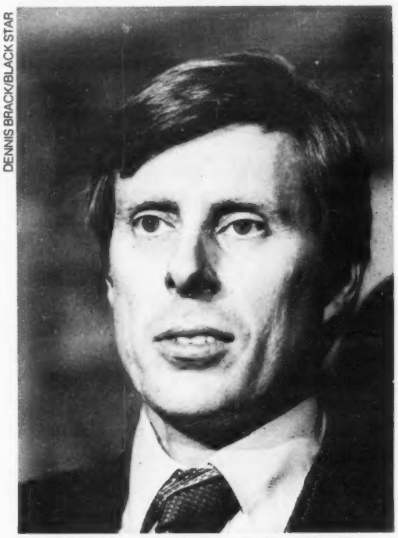
Let us now praise losers. Before they are consigned to being the footfalls and footnotes of other men's triumphs, let us nod a brief notice to some politicians whose defeat bears new witness to the first clause of Winston Churchill's observations that "Democracy is the worst form of government ever invented—except for all the others."

Take California Senator John Tunney, whom pollster Pat Caddell gave a 49 to 41 edge over the quixotic S.I. Hayakawa. Tunney's problems were primarily of style. He was young, looked even younger, and was divorced. His accent, as New England as his upbringing, let critics put him down as a dime-store Ted Kennedy. His genuine, frequently garrulous warmth just as often came across as plastic politicking. Then there were his broad, pearly teeth, a smiling white acreage even more expansive than Jimmy Carter's. To many, Tunney seemed too close a caricature of "The Candidate."

Hayakawa's strategy was to exploit Tunney's image as a lightweight. His television commercials were know-nothingism as populism. They scored Tunney for missing votes while vacationing on the beaches of—hold the shot for the California chauvinists—Florida. They scoffed that he skied at resorts only the rich could afford while the Senate was in session. There was a fascinating irony in Hayakawa's use—or misuse—of such appeals. It was Hayakawa's book *Language in Action* that popularized the study of semantics with a warning against the manipulation of words and symbols—as in advertising—to short-circuit rational decision-making. In this campaign he practiced what he himself had preached against. He refused to debate Tunney. He jokingly evaded questions (on the Panama Canal: "We stole it fair and square and it's ours to keep"). He made a virtue of being an issues illiterate (the tag of his radio commercials was: "Tell me what *you* think"). While outspending Tunney two to one, Hayakawa became the anti-politician, the one to have if you weren't having one. And he wore a tam o' shanter to reprise the memory of the day when, similarly hatted, then the interim president of San Francisco State University, he pulled the plug of a loudspeaker to silence a student protest. Such bravado still quickens pulses in Orange County and its ideological environs.

So John Tunney lost. The vacationing John Tunney who had the best attendance record of any Senator elected in 1970 for the first five years of his term. The lightweight Tunney, who opposed the confirmation of Richard Kleindienst as Attorney General, almost singlehandedly blocked wiretap legislation that would have required no evidence of criminal activity to authorize bugging and break-ins, and who last year stopped a war in Angola before it started. Tunney was the first Senator to raise the issue, sponsoring the amendment which cut off funding for C.I.A. intervention in that African Vietnam. When Kissinger tried his shuttle diplomacy on Capitol Hill

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR



Tunney: how light a lightweight?

proposing in a private meeting that the intervention continue "just" to the end of the fiscal year, it was the lightweight John Tunney who refused to wait for the light at the end of this new tunnel, threatening to walk out of the room and tell the press.

Joining Tunney in the ranks of the defeated was Representative Bill Green, who lost the Senate race in Pennsylvania to H.J. Heinz II (of the pickles and catsup fortune). Heinz, with a net worth of $12 million, is a Hugh Scott sort of Republican. Like Scott, he was implicated in the Gulf Oil scandal, escaping investigation and indictment by the skin of the statute of limitations. As Tunney was the lightweight, Green was the kid, inheriting his father's Congressional district in Philadelphia at the age of 25. He was the kid who promptly offended the Philadelphia bosses by being for Robert Kennedy and against the war in 1968. He was the kid who ran against Frank Rizzo's race-baiting and almost beat him for Mayor in 1971. He was the kid on the Ways and Means Committee who defied Wilbur Mills on tax reform—before Fanne Foxe —persuading the Democratic caucus and then the House as a whole to repeal the oil depletion allowance. The repeal was compromised to a reduction in conference with the Senate, but it was the first narrowing of that loophole in history.

The Philadelphia kid who became one of the most promising public men of his generation could only raise and spend $850,000 in his 1976 Senate campaign. Heinz barterred two and a half million of his own dollars for the seat and wealthy contributors gave him half a million more. During October, Heinz spendthrifted at the rate of $30,000 a day. When a reporter asked Heinz media consultant David Garth what time he should turn on the TV to see a Heinz spot, Garth snorted gleefully that it was impossible to watch any channel for half an hour anywhere in Pennsylvania without seeing one.

Other losers deserve at least an honorable mention: Senator Gale McGee, who in the instant, inevitable media cliché was "walloped in Wyoming" by Malcom Wallop, partly on the absurd grounds that, as Chairman of the Post Office Committee, he was to blame for the bad mail delivery. Or Representative Abner Mikva of Illinois, who yet may be recounted in, a brilliant and decent man, the guiding force of the House reform movement.

Thus the debris of democracy in 1976. Churchill was right about liberty's inevitable capacity to be misled or mistaken. In consolation, we may look to his "except for all the others." This year, for example, in evidence of that exception, the citizens of Indiana retired Vance Hartke and with him one of Capitol Hill's oldest saws—that Indiana has two Senators, Bayh and bought.

But that is small consolation for the losers who didn't deserve to be. We are happy and sad to write of them here and now, for in the harsh realities of politics where winning is too nearly the only thing, we may not have occasion to mention them again. After all, they are losers. ●

The Ruling Class

What Carter owes the people who elected him/ By Robert Scheer

When Jimmy Carter campaigned in the Tennessee primary he frequently identified himself with Estes Kefauver. The late Senator from Tennessee, a perennial presidential candidate, had made his mark in national politics by taking on the big oil, drug and auto companies, as well as the mafia. Since Kefauver was a genuine populist—a label used loosely in relation to Carter—I asked Carter just what it was that he liked about Kefauver's record. He replied that it was the fact that Kefauver had entered a lot of primaries in his quest for the presidency.

After I pressed him, Carter did express some lukewarm support for Kefauver's criticisms of the corporations but made it clear that he would in no serious way work to undermine the power of the large multinational corporations which control much of the world's economy. Having said that, he quickly tilted to the other side by adding that he would protect the consumer and make the multinationals pay their fair share of taxes. He offered many examples of his having resisted corporate pressure as Governor of Georgia but conceded that he had maintained a cozy relationship with leading corporate executives in the state. Jody Powell, who wrote his master's thesis on southern populism, insists that Carter is solidly in that tradition and that this will all come out once he occupies the White House.

So what then is the content of this new rural Georgia populism that now "threatens" the Washington bureaucracy? Does it in any real sense involve a shift in power from those who have it to those who don't? By which I do not mean something so frivolous as whether Jody Powell gets to be press secretary instead of Ron Nessen, although one must be thankful for small favors. The media's current concentration on personnel changes tells us very little about the political thrust of a Carter presidency. If the antiestablishment aura which Carter deliberately cultivated during the campaign is now to have any meaning it must involve a transference of raw economic power from haves to have-nots. Which means challenging the notion that what's good for the large corporations in foreign and much of domestic policy is good for the rest of the country.

To date this challenge has been carried largely by consumer groups and by the AFL-CIO, which is concerned about the loss of jobs to overseas corporate operations. Now that organized labor has proved decisive in the Carter victory, perhaps he will seriously take up their critique of the multinational corporations. It is conceded that the "business community" generally rejected Carter's candidacy while conservationists and consumer advocates were among his most fervent supporters. It has also been widely observed that Carter's victory was only possible through the massive support of non-whites, working people and the poor. So he has as much a mandate as any president since Roosevelt to take on the big economic powers.

ROGER SANDLER

But would the American people stand for anything that radical even if Carter were so inclined? Happily Carter's insightful pollster, Pat Caddell, came up with some survey figures that indicate that many Americans favor such proposals. In the words of Caddell's Cambridge Report taken last spring:

It is becoming clearer and clearer that a significant part of today's "anti-oil" sentiment is actually anti-big business sentiment. . . . we saw that over half the American people think something is seriously wrong with our economic system; that 'something,' they agree, is that wealth and power have become too concentrated.

And it is quite clear from the rest of the Caddell survey results that many Americans now associate power and wealth, as they rightly should, with the large corporations. As the Cambridge Report went on to observe:

Today the oil companies are feeling the heat, in the public opinion polls and in Congress. But there is no reason to believe they will be the sole occupants of this crucible indefinitely. Our . . . survey shows that substantial numbers of Americans feel that every big business should be broken up, not just the oil companies. Thus, divestiture can properly be seen as the opening gun of a much broader war against major business in America.

If Carter were really interested in breaking the power of the eastern establishment he would now go beyond mere rhetoric to take on those corporate interests which produced that establishment. Instead he has shown a tendency, particularly in the area of foreign policy, to rely for advice on precisely the same "experts" who have enjoyed a cozy relationship with the corporate elite. Carter himself got his foreign policy training, by his own account, through participation over a four-year period in the Trilateral Commission which David Rockefeller created and financed. Zbigniew Brzezinski, the head of the Trilateral Commission, is Carter's top foreign policy adviser and will no doubt receive a top position in the administration, probably head of the National Security Council. I realize that some readers of this column may find my constant reference to the Trilateral Commission a bit compulsive, but I fail to see how a genuine populist could embrace a vision of international relations that makes David Rockefeller feel comfortable. Estes Kefauver always made men like Rockefeller squirm, because he knew in his gut that David's interests and the interests of the average American are more often at variance than not.

If a Carter administration merely shifts the players while leaving existing power relations untouched, there will be just that many more alienated and angry people out there who had thought that Jimmy Carter really was different. As the Caddell polls indicate, this discontent is grounded in a more specific critique of corporate power than had heretofore been suspected. These are the people who voted for Carter when most of the corporate elite rejected him, and he should now return the favor. ●

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Politics

The unknown man in Carter's inner circle

A virtually unknown 29-year-old former restauranteur with no previous political or governmental experience has become one of Jimmy Carter's closest advisers.

Greg Schneiders, a 1969 graduate of Georgetown University, is likely to become Carter's White House appointments secretary, in effect, if not in title. He gave up his career in the restaurant business in 1975, as he explained to another Carter staffer last spring, to join the campaign "and see what politics was like."

Like all those now closest to Carter, he joined the future President when few took Carter's ambitions seriously. Schneiders proved to be extremely well organized, and was quickly promoted from bag carrier to confidant. In the last week of the campaign, Carter told a nationally syndicated columnist that Schneiders is one of his closest advisers.

During the primaries, Schneiders strongly dissented from the advice that Carter should become more specific on issues. This fall, he controlled access to the candidate in his curtained-off compartment on the campaign plane. He was one of the few Carter counseled with in the midst of crises such as the *Playboy* flap.

All this makes some campaign aides uneasy. Complains one: "Greg and Jody [Powell] are the only ones Carter always turns to." Shades of Haldeman? An aide demurs: "Greg's a totally decent person—but he's also totally inexperienced."

NEIL BOENZI/NEW YORK TIMES PICTURES

Rohatyn: moving to Washington?

The job scramble

Financier and New York City fiscal wizard Felix Rohatyn, who negotiated the I.T.T. settlement with John Mitchell in 1972, tells friends that he hopes for a post in the Carter cabinet.

J.F.K. wordsmith Theodore Sorensen, who introduced Carter around New York last year, is wondering aloud whether he can take a job below Cabinet level and keep his dignity. His wife is anxious to move to Washington as a social arbiter of the Carter era; she is writing an article on women in the Carter campaign for the January *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Gloria Steinem has been flourishing her own list of women for high positions in the new administration. Barbara Jordan, she predicted on election night, would be appointed to the Supreme Court. She also thought that Ella Grasso, the Governor of Connecticut, may achieve her dream of becoming ambassador to Italy, though her state's vote for Ford probably hurts her chances.

WIDE WORLD

Schneiders with the boss: for a former restauranteur, beginner's luck

Election notes

In the last days before the election, a worried Carter campaign aide asked California Governor Jerry Brown to make a television spot for Carter. Brown refused, explaining that he has a firm policy against making endorsement spots for individuals. "If I do it for you," he told the representative of the next President, "I'll have to do it for everybody." Although Brown later went on the campaign trail with Jimmy, observers believe his refusal to tape the spots cost Carter California.

• The morning after: Henry Kissinger threw a temper tantrum in his State Department office, kicking furniture around, throwing things off his desk, yelling about what the Republicans could and should have done to win, cursing the stupidity of the politicians around Ford.

• As part of a last-minute effort to swell the turnout of blacks, the Carter campaign enlisted Georgia civil rights activist Julian Bond, who had run and lost as a Udall delegate from Georgia, to speak to black audiences in Pittsburgh. The move backfired; Bond derided the election as "a choice between the lackluster and the lusty."

• What was that bizarre apparition on NBC-TV election eve predicting nuclear war if Carter was elected? None other than Lyndon LaRouche (real name: Lyn Marcus) the presidential candidate of the U.S. Labor Party, a purportedly leftist group with a long record of harassing radicals, sometimes with violence. Many leftists suspect that the party is an arm of the CIA or some other right-wing group, and wonder why, when most left groups are chronically impoverished, the Labor Party is so wealthy. The election-eve broadcast alone cost $95,000.

Carter's right wing

Perhaps the stock market decline after Carter's victory would have been averted if Wall Street had heard Carter intimate Charles Kirbo's speech to a private luncheon of Cincinnati business people in October.

"I like to make money," Kirbo said. "Jimmy likes to make money. You like to make money. We're all going to get along fine." Unbeknownst to Kirbo, the sparse crowd of executives had been supplemented with local liberals, who promptly spread word to their friends.

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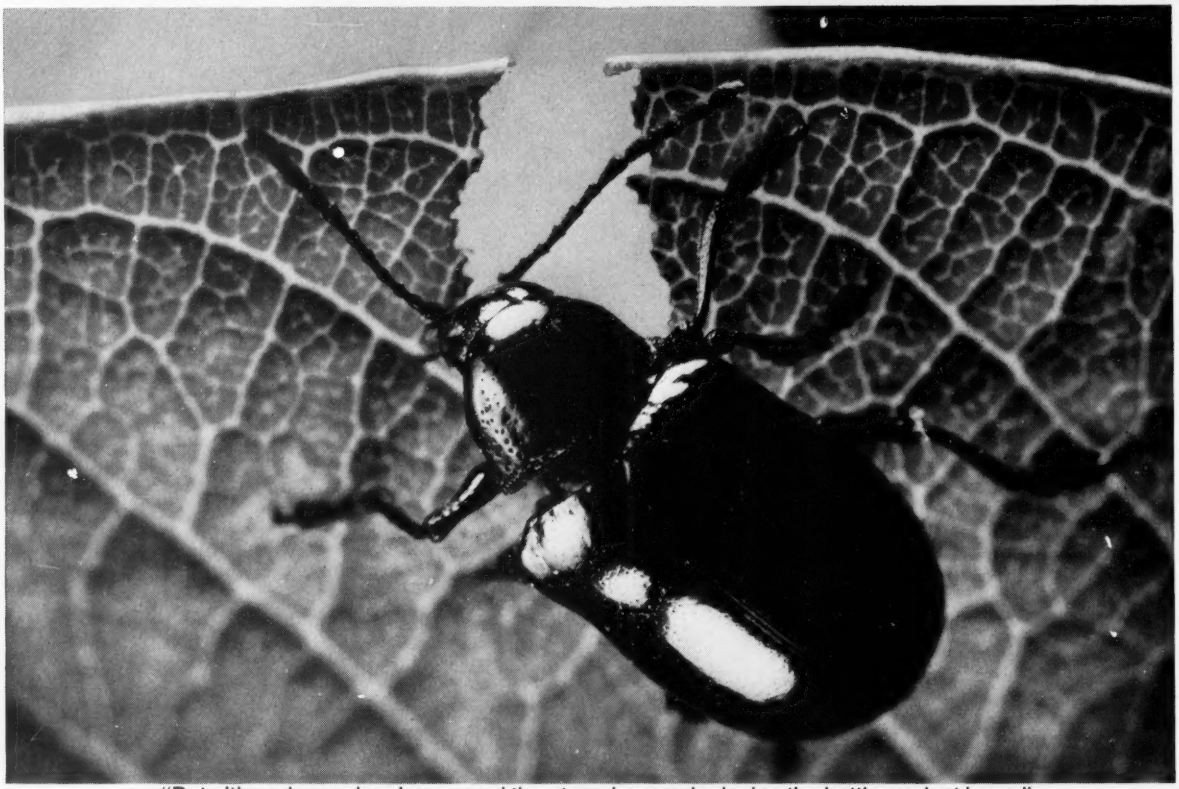
"Most insects spend their brief days on earth trying desperately to be diners instead of dinners."

Photo by Henry Groskinsky



"But although man has harnessed the atom, he may be losing the battle against bugs."

A bug's life is brief, but apparently not joyless: they reproduce so enthusiastically that they can mutate out from under the deadliest insecticide within months. It's war, and the bugs are winning. Which is why, according to a recent cover story in the Environment section of TIME Magazine, scientists are leading insects down the garden path with fake sex hormones and other frustrating chemicals.

Is all this just too esoteric? Not the way TIME writes about it. If there's news you should know, however opaque, however parochial, TIME has an uncanny aptitude for making it readable, understandable, enjoyable, even repeatable. Another reason why TIME has won more awards for editorial excellence than any magazine.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

Taking Care of Business

The urban crisis is going to get worse

Jimmy Carter's election has left many people hopeful that the cities can and will be saved by a massive infusion of money from Washington. But, according to an unpublished study obtained by *New Times*, the trouble we've seen so far is only the tip of the iceberg.

The report, prepared for the National League of Cities and the U.S. Conference of Mayors, states that eight major cities are at this moment near financial collapse. If you happen to live in New York, Buffalo, Detroit, Newark, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland or Philadelphia, you might wake up someday soon to find that the basic public services you depend on for your very survival—fire and police protection, garbage collection, public transportation—are gone.

What could precipitate such an economic catastrophe? The report lists a number of possible catalysts, ranging from a major management scandal to civil disturbances. While the report blames the crisis to an extent on politicians, for example citing Cleveland and Philadelphia as beset by inept fiscal management, there are more fundamental underlying causes of the urban crisis in the North.

American industry is retiring its plants and facilities in the older industrial areas of the North, while simultaneously transferring its capital, investment funds and technological know-how overseas or to the Sunbelt region of the South and Southwest. There they are pampered with easy tax burdens and blessed with cheaper (non-union) labor pools. As more plants shut down and unemployment lines grow, the major urban areas of the North are faced with a loss of taxable revenue and find themselves without the necessary funds to operate basic public services.

The Federal government is subsidizing this shift of major industry by pursuing spending policies that favor the Sunbelt over the older northern industrial corridor. The Great Lakes states paid $62.2 billion in Federal taxes in fiscal 1975, and only received $43.6 billion in Federal outlays for things like defense contracts, grants in aid and public works. On the other hand, the 16

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Waveform fidelity. If you don't understand it, you could be making a $350 mistake.

Today a good amp and tuner can easily cost you $350, $500, $700 or even more. But no matter how much a component costs, if it doesn't have waveform fidelity, the music that's put into it won't be the music that comes out. And that's an expensive mistake to make.

It's also a mistake Technics won't let you make. Because Technics' two new integrated amps, the SU-7600 and the SU-8600, as well as our two new tuners, the ST-7600 and the ST-8600, have superb waveform fidelity.

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And with an 8-ganged tuning capacitor (5 for FM and 3 for AM) and a Technics developed 4-pole MOS FET, broadcasts with the ST-8600 will sound more like master tapes than FM.

You'll also find waveform fidelity in both amps. Including our most powerful one, the SU-8600. *With 73 watts per channel, minimum RMS, both channels driven into 8 ohms from 20Hz to 20kHz, with no more than 0.08% total harmonic distortion.*

And the SU-8600 will stay 73 watts regardless of the power-hungry transient bursts found in many musical waveforms. The reasons: Sixfold independent power supplies for the control voltage and power amplifiers. The results: Virtually no transient cross-talk distortion. And optimum waveform fidelity.

So before you make a $350 mistake, or an even more expensive one, listen to our new amps and tuners. Your Technics dealer has them. Along with Technics waveform fidelity.

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southern states received $11.5 billion more in Federal outlays than they paid in Federal taxes. At the same time, the Federal government is also encouraging the mass relocation of American industry overseas with special programs ranging from the Foreign Tax Credit Incentive to the Overseas Private Investment Corporation.

In a recent issue of *Fortune* magazine, an article devoted to the issue of corporate migration and the death of the northern cities states bluntly, "it is hard to imagine what the cities could do to halt the outflow, let alone reverse it . . . to a great extent these cities are victims of forces they cannot control." What the *Fortune* article failed to ask is the big question: Why should the cities be victims to forces outside their control?

Who should decide whether a city prospers or collapses? Do communities exist to serve the interests of the industries that locate there? Or should companies exist to serve the interests of the community where they do business? The answers to these questions are certain to become a central issue of political debate over the next decade.

On one score, the experts are already in agreement: the cost of saving this dying urban industrial belt could run well into the hundreds of billions of dollars.

—Jeremy Rifkin and Ted Howard

Seventies

The man Congress picked to investigate the assassinations

UPI

Sprague with committee chairman Thomas Downing: a prosecutor's prosecutor

It's an almost impossible job. The trails, if any, are stone cold: one crime took place 13 years ago, the other eight. Many witnesses are dead. The police agencies that would normally assist the investigation are themselves under suspicion.

But the persistent demand for a new investigation into the assassinations of John Kennedy and Martin Luther King finally moved the Congress, and on September 17 the House voted 280 to 65 to compose a 12-member select committee to "conduct a full and complete investigation" of the two murders. And, despite all the false starts of recent Congressional probes, many critics of the official verdicts in the two cases are guardedly optimistic this time. The reason is Richard A. Sprague, the man picked to serve as Staff Director and Chief Counsel, the most important position on the committee. Sprague (not to be confused with Warren Commission critic Richard E. Sprague) is the Philadelphia attorney who drew national acclaim for unraveling the complex conspiracy behind the brutal 1970 assassinations of United Mine Workers reformer Jock Yablonski, his wife and daughter.

Sprague worked on that case for five years as Special Prosecutor of Pennsylvania's Washington County, methodically working his way up the chain of command. First came the apprehension and conviction of the three assassins, then their four co-conspirators further up the line. Next came the indictment and conviction of Albert Pass, the Secretary-Treasurer of District 19 of the United Mine Workers. Finally, in September 1975, Tony Boyle, the powerful leader of the United Mine Workers, was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment as the man who had financed the Yablonski assassination. It was by all accounts an extraordinary achievement.

Nevertheless, a number of Warren Commission critics were initially wary of the choice of Sprague to head the new investigations. His boss during eight of his 17 years in the Philadelphia District Attorney's office was none other than District Attorney Arlen Specter, one-time Junior Counsel of the Warren Commission and inventor of the notorious single-bullet theory.

That theory had enabled the Warren Commission to account for what appeared to be too many wounds and too many shots fired in too short a period of time by one individual with one decrepit World War II surplus rifle. Many critics feel that Specter's work should be subject to intense scrutiny by any new investigation.

Sprague adamantly maintains that "I have no problem in going wherever the evidence leads," adding that "whoever has any involvement suffers whatever may be." In fact, despite what appeared most of the time to be a tight relationship between Sprague and Specter, sources close to Sprague at the time maintain that the relationship was actually often cool. At one point Specter is reported to have barred Sprague from accepting the job of Special Prosecutor on the Yablonski case, fearful of taking too much of a back seat to his First Assistant. Sprague threatened to quit and Specter backed down. Sprague received only expenses for serving as Special Prosecutor, and used accumulated vacation time to conduct the trials while continuing to work for Specter.

Sprague joined the DA's office in 1958 at the age of 33 and quickly earned the title of "the iron man" after working the courtroom for 57 consecutive weeks without breaking for a vacation. He was promoted over several assistants with more seniority to become Chief of Homicide in 1962, and in 1966 the newly-elected Specter appointed him First Assistant, the highest position in the DA's office under the DA himself. Sprague has prosecuted or supervised over 15,000 criminal cases. He personally prosecuted over 70 first-degree murder cases, winning convictions in all but one. In that case the jury returned a second-degree conviction.

Sprague has been described by lawyers he has opposed as ruthless but compassionate. He is a strict law-and-order man who strongly favors the death penalty, opposes plea-bargaining, and applauds court actions like that of the Berger Court in softening the Miranda decision.

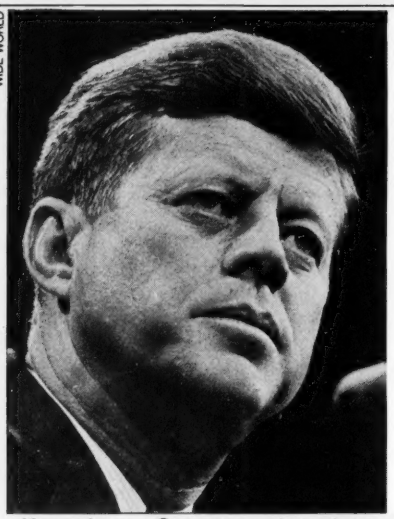
Sprague has never been shy about speaking his mind. He was dismissed from the Philadelphia DA's office after criticizing F. Emmett Fitzpatrick, the man who had defeated

Specter in the 1974 election, in a *Philadelphia Inquirer* interview. Sprague was also a harsh critic of Watergate Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski, and wrote on the *New York Times* op-ed page that Jaworski "misused and abused" his position by excessive use of plea-bargaining and his failure to contest the Nixon pardon.

Before accepting his new assignment Sprague demanded and received an assurance of absolute freedom to hire and fire staff and to conduct the investigation as he sees fit, subject only to the veto of the committee. He plans to set up two complete homicide investigation units, each to operate independently and concurrently, each with its own legal, investigative and clerical staff. He plans a third unit as well, a Legal Counsel with a separate staff to provide legal advice so that staff time and energy are not sapped with litigation and other legal troubles.

Sprague envisions a staff of 160 to 200 people—possibly the largest committee staff in the history of Congress. That figure may cause some hard swallowing when the matter comes up in Congress early in the next session (the new Congress must formally re-authorize the select committee), but Sprague feels it is necessary to do the job right, and that Congress has an obligation to do whatever is required if it was serious in authorizing "a full and complete investigation."

WIDE WORLD



Kennedy: was Congress serious about "a full and complete investigation"?

As he assembles his staff, Sprague claims an open mind and no preconceptions as to whether either assassination resulted from a conspiracy. As for assistance from the FBI and CIA, Sprague categorically rules it out on "any work involving inquiries into any government agency." The committee lacks the power of prosecution, but Sprague intends to compel accurate testimony. "There's contempt power. There's immunity power," he notes. "If in fact somebody is caught in perjury in a properly provable case I do not think there will be much trouble in seeing that there's prosecution."

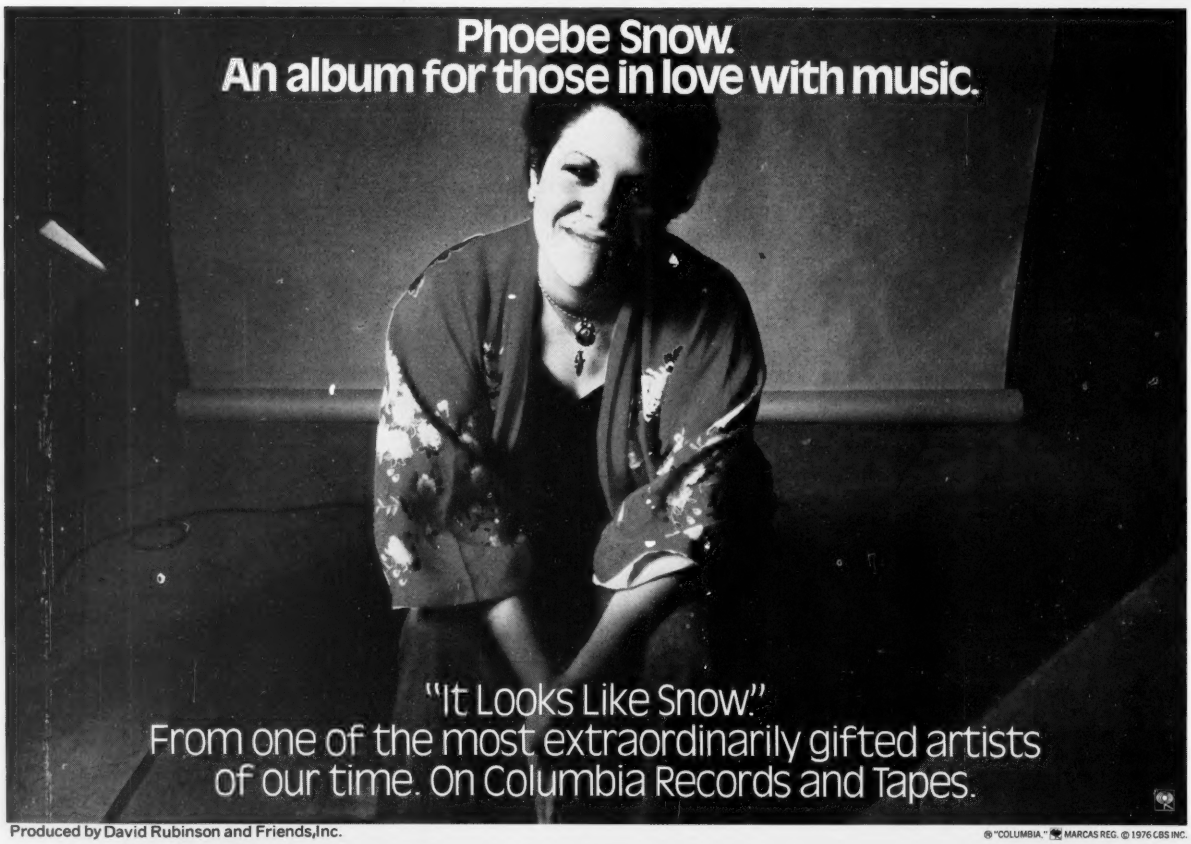
How long will the investigation last? Sprague won't even guess: "We might as well not commence the investigation if a deadline is set." He maintains that "such an extensive job can't have a time frame . . . it needs a space of years." —*Jerry Policoff*

Peanut power

Wall Street may not expect to cash in on Jimmy Carter, but Howard Johnson's certainly is.

Since Carter's nomination in July, HoJo's has been selling special peanuts in plastic planters, guaranteed to sprout within 72 hours. If the buyer is lucky, his peanut will grow to six inches in 18 to 28 days and produce 25 to 100 peanuts within four months.

Although the Peanut Power Superman on the package doesn't resemble Jimmy Carter, the people at Howard Johnson's concede that Carter is responsible for the quick sale of their nuts. "Peanuts are in the limelight," says public relations manager Evelyn Sullivan, "and it's lucky for us."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Mind & Body

A votre santé

Americans who drink French wine may be paying dearly for their snobbery (or good taste). A recent study published

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK CALKINS

in a French consumer magazine reveals that many less expensive French red wines— including some Beaujolais-Villages and Côtes du Rhône—contain up to 40 million asbestos fibers per liter, a result of their being filtered through asbestos. It's well established that asbestos is carcinogenic when inhaled, and researchers suspect that ingested asbestos is dangerous, too. (It's present in the water supply of some American cities, notably Duluth.)

So if you're not rich enough to drink the most expensive French wines, better stick to domestic: U.S. regulations prohibit American producers from filtering their wine through asbestos, but they don't extend to imports.

—Pacific News Service

The bruise cure

Doctors treating the Vietnamese refugees who flocked here after the war ended last year are sometimes shocked when they examine the children. Many look as if they had been beaten on the back and chest: the flesh is discolored with massive, elongated bruises and the skin is sown with hundreds of tiny hemorrhages caused by burst capillaries.

No cause for outrage, according to a group of Army pediatricians. In *Pediatrics* magazine, they report that the apparent battering stems from the ancient Vietnamese therapy for childhood fevers and headaches called Cao Gio.

Cao Gio directs that after the chest and back are softened by oiling and massage, the skin is subjected to hard downward stroking with the edge of a coin until it's visibly bruised.

The Army doctors say that while there's no medical evidence that Cao Gio does any good, theoretically it could reduce fevers. "The way to combat fever is to dilate the blood vessels, and by popping open hundreds of capillaries, that's just what Cao Gio does," Dr. Gengry Yeatman told *New Times*. Dr. Yeatman adds that the skin isn't broken so infection can't set in, and the wounds heal within a few weeks. In short, the practice is harmless.

—Larry Frederick

Post Scripts

Beat the Pundits (*NT:* Sept. 17, 1976)

Despite the fact that it required tearing out the first page of our article on non-prescription drugs, and although we provided no space for names and addresses, some 600 readers determinedly entered our "Beat the Pundits" contest.

The winner, Tony Tipton of Vandalia, Ohio, scored a respectable 11. If you had 10 right, or 9 right and guessed between 297 and 327

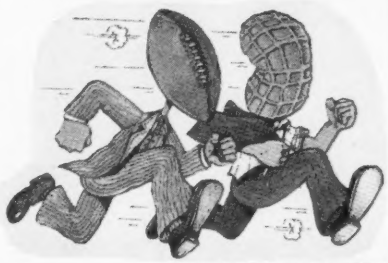

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

electoral votes on the first tie-breaker, you are a runner-up. The answers: 1) D; 2) A-B-C-D-E; 3) E; 4) B; 5) F; 6) E; 7) C; 8) A; 9) B; 10) C-D-E; 11) B; 12) C; 13) B-H; 14) T; 15) F; 16) T; 17) F.

The most common error was the assumption that John Tunney would be re-elected (see Party Lines, page 5). Four astute readers managed to miss every answer.

—Paul Slansky

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If you have any doubts about your turntable and the way it treats your records, speak with someone who really knows components. Chances are you'll be advised to buy a new turntable. Considering that more audio experts own Duals than any other make of quality turntable, we'll be pleased to take our chances on the outcome.

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CITIZEN WENNER

Now that he is 30 and *Rolling Stone* is well established, the publishing *Wunderkind* of the sixties is looking for new worlds to conquer: an empire as big as Hearst's, a key political office, perhaps even the White House. As Wenner himself might say, his raw ambition "only adds to the blackness of my mystique"

By Robert Sam Anson

There they were in the street: The Heavies.

People like Walter Cronkite and Bella Abzug; Kay Graham and Warren Beatty; Sally Quinn and Ben Bradlee; Nora Ephron and Carl Bernstein; Teddy White and Lauren Bacall; Mary McGrory and Stewart Udall; Cyrus Vance and Dolly Schiff; Gary Hart and Seymour Hersh; Ted Sorenson and Jane Fonda; Chevy Chase and Clay Felker; and not one, but three members of the Kennedy Clan. The movers and shakers and hangers-on. The people, in short, who *matter* in this country, gathered in one, improbable mob, pushing, screaming, shouting obscenities at the police, doing anything to get through the door of the Eastside townhouse and be at the side of the short, rather pudgy young man, who, drink in hand, surveyed the scene from two floors above them.

Jann Wenner gazed down in amusement, occasionally spotting a familiar face in the crowd, and, with a point of the finger, beckoning them inside. The rest were left to chant: "Want Wenner! We Want Wenner! We Want Wenner!" Jann heard the cry, and then did something he often does when the realization of who he is and what he has become settles in on him: he giggled.

The editor of *Rolling Stone* couldn't help but laugh. He had made it. The world had literally come to his doorstep. Let the morning *Times* see the scene that night on E. 68th Street merely as a collection of bored celebrities trying to get into a rock magazine's party for the next President of the United States. The straight media was always missing the point. *Rolling Stone* was not *just* a rock magazine. And rock and roll was not *just* music. All you had to do was look down in the street. Could the *Times* have brought those people together? Would they have chanted "We Want Punch"?

No, only someone with the sensibility of Hunter Thompson could understand what was happening tonight. And there, off in a corner, was Hunter himself, stoned as usual, but looking oddly depressed. Maybe he sensed it—that tonight was one of those mystic nights when the culture was turning, as it had turned at Altamont, a moment after which everything would be different, older, worse. The people down there: they hadn't come for Wenner or for *Rolling Stone*, but for the idea they represented: that rock and roll could set you free; that what Bob Dylan said was just as important as what Richard Nixon did; that being young made you purer and cleaner of heart. It was the myth of the sixties they were celebrating, a myth that, by their very presence, was dying.

That is what always happens, of course. People get older. They grow up. They take jobs, raise families and worry about feeding their own kids. No one escapes. And so it was for *Rolling Stone* and the people who read it: the kids who grew up on Dr. Spock, puzzled their parents, listened to rock music, saw their heroes murdered, dropped out, turned on, went to Vietnam, protested, made love and changed the culture as it has never been altered before.

They thought that who they were gave them immunity. That they would never become like their parents. Only here they were on 68th Street, drinking champagne and acting like grown-ups. Kids were not millionaires and Wenner was now a millionaire several times over. He seldom wore jeans anymore, or went to concerts, or the other things he did when he was young. In a few months, he and his magazine would move from San Francisco to New York, the city where, as Wenner put it, "the people with ambition live." Circulation was approaching half a million. The former rock sheet had become a $10-million-a-year publishing enterprise, with more than two million readers around the world and an equal number of dollars in the bank. The revolution was over. The counterculture had become The Culture. And, out there in the street, was the proof. Looking down, Jann Wenner had to laugh. Better than anyone, he remembered.

They called it "the summer of love," and there has never been a time quite like it before or since. It was 1967. Tet, Cambodia and Altamont were still light years away. For a few months, however fleeting, peace really did seem to rule the planets, and love guide the

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No room at the top: many were invited but few were admitted to *Rolling Stone*'s post-convention party for Carter's staff. Two who made it—Sally Quinn, with host Wenner (left), and Barbara Howar, with Publisher Joe Armstrong.

stars. And, if you were young, you wore flowers in your hair and went to San Francisco, where everything was happening. Janis was there, and the Grateful Dead, and Gracie Slick and the band they were still calling The Airplane. They played free concerts in the park, and you listened, passing around a joint to strangers you called "sister" and "brother." You could dream anything then, and know it would come true, because everything that was happening around you was all so magic.

Jann Wenner was one of the believers, and he had good cause to be. A few months before, he had been unemployed, nearly broke and looking forward to the only career a college dropout such as he would reasonably expect: a job as a mailman for the United States post office. And now, at the age of 21, he was editor and publisher of his own magazine.

The people who knew him were not surprised. His father, a successful businessman, said of him: "He was a pain in the ass, but we knew he would make something of himself." A favorite prep school teacher remembered that he was "very ambitious, intent on making his mark." An editor for whom he had worked recalled that he was always bubbling with ideas, and that, despite his low salary, drove a Porsche, a sure sign, the editor thought, of upward mobility.

And they were right. In many ways, Jann was different than other young people: more driven, more determined, more ambitious. In many others, he was the archetypical child of the sixties: raised in the mellow nowhereland of suburban Marin, outside San Francisco; alienated from his parents, who divorced when he was young; shuttered away in an exclusive boarding school outside Los Angeles; bright, creative, inquisitive, contemptuous of the background from which he had sprung. Like so many other young people, he found his solace in drugs (mainly acid at first) and rock music (seeing the Beatles in *A Hard Day's Night*, he later said, was the moment that changed his life).

He went to Berkeley, became involved in fashionably radical politics, and eventually dropped out, convinced that nothing he was learning had any relevance to his life, and that, in any case, he was smarter than many of his professors already. From there, it was on to London—"swinging London" as *Time* magazine called it in those days—a shattered romance, and a summer spent in the country, working on a novel about lost love.

It was then that things began to change. A letter arrived one day from his friend, music columnist Ralph Gleason, offering him a job editing the entertainment page of a Sunday newspaper *Ramparts* magazine had begun to publish in San Francisco. Gleason, then in his forties, was already a minor legend in jazz circles. Generous, warm and big-hearted, if at times crusty and irrascible, he was among the first to proclaim the music revolution, and, once proclaimed, became its most ardent promoter. "With the inspiration of the Beatles and Dylan," he once wrote, "we have more poetry being produced and more poets being made than ever before in the history of the world." The line was pure Gleason: hyperbolic, gushy, naive, but full of enthusiasm and hope for what was happening.

They had met in 1965 at the celebrated first Family Dog dance in San Francisco. The attraction was immediate: Wenner, an aspiring writer (he was writing a column for the *Daily Californian* about rock and drugs) and musician (he had lately taken up rhythm guitar and was playing occasional gigs in North Beach topless joints) was full of nothing if not enthusiasm. As for Gleason, he had become, in Wenner's own words, "a father to me." And now the surrogate father was beckoning him home. Wenner started packing.

As it turned out, the job at *Sunday Ramparts* did not amount to much, little more than a glorified page of listings of coming events, and *Sunday Ramparts* itself died within a year. But the experience was valuable, if only because it gave Gleason and Wenner time to plan a far more ambitious undertaking: a publication that would take the new music and what went by the vague appellation "youth culture" seriously. Not another fan magazine or underground journal, Wenner told friends, but a professional, journalistic publication, a magazine that wouldn't talk down to young people, but speak to them on their own terms, whether it was reviewing the Beatles or the worth of a presidential candidate. The more political-minded types at *Ramparts* did not share Wenner's conviction that rock and roll was not background noise, but something infinitely more important: "the one medium," as Wenner put it later, "where young people could express their protest." In that sense, music was political, even subversive. The disparagment of his colleagues did not bother Wenner. He understood intuitively that he and the members of his generation were standing on the edge of a revolution, a revolt not of politics, but of culture and lifestyle, a total transfor-

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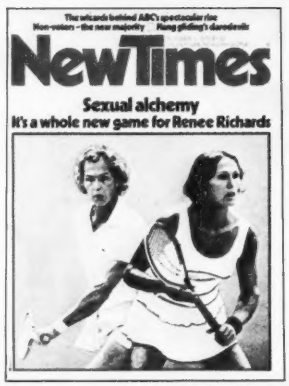
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SPECIAL ISSUE
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Looking for Jimmy
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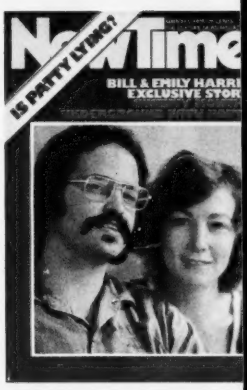
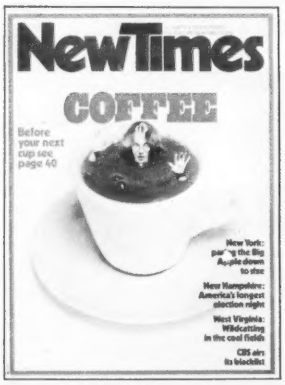
"The South has the answers. If I were to know Jimmy Carter and what we were about to become, I had to know his lands. The mystery of him was here, in Dixie."

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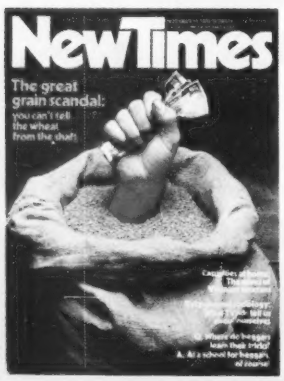
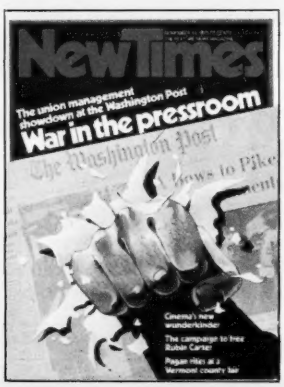
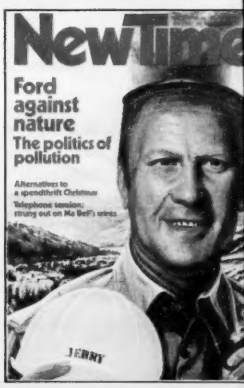


The Panama Canal: a time bomb on our doorstep
NewTimes
The CB radio craze
Everyone – even Betty Ford – is tuning in to America's new party line





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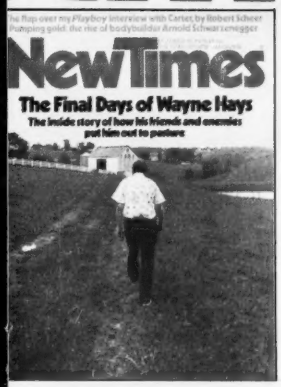
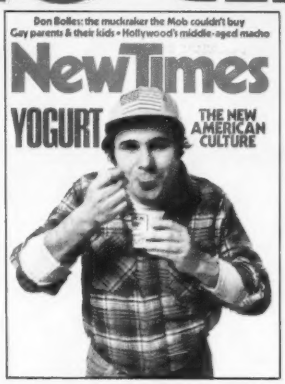
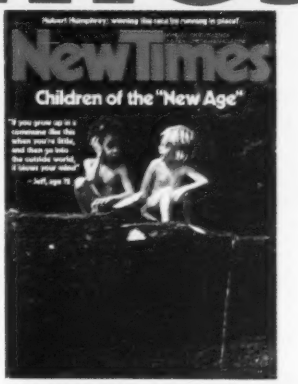
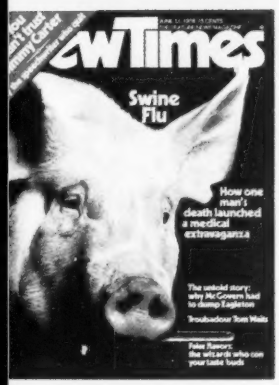
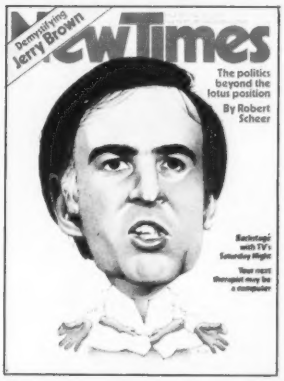
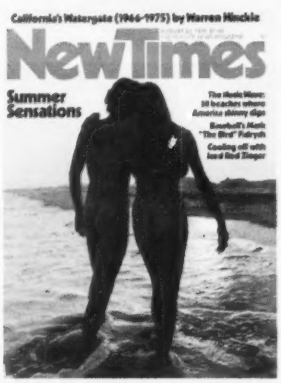


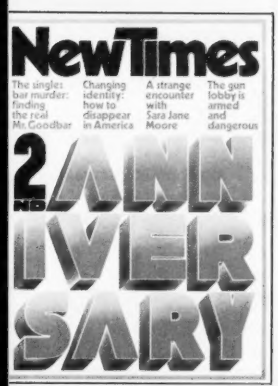

NewTimes
Don Bolles: the muckraker the Mob couldn't buy
Gay parents & their kids • Hollywood's middle-aged macho
YOGURT
THE NEW AMERICAN CULTURE



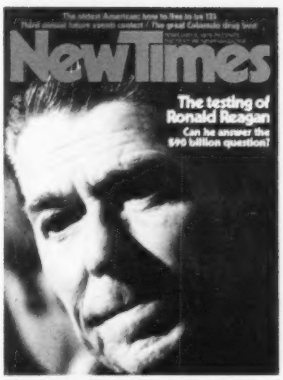




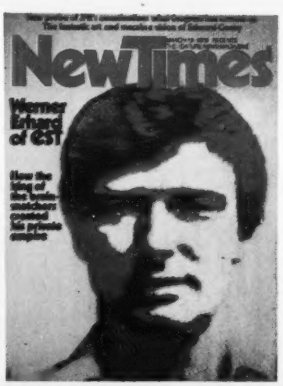



NewTimes
The singles bar murder: finding the real Mr. Goodbar
Changing identity: how to disappear in America
A strange encounter with Sara Jane Moore
The gun lobby is armed and dangerous
2ND ANNIVERSARY

NewTimes
Psychobabble: the new jargon of candor
"WHAT AN INCREDIBLE TRIP. I'M REALLY GETTING MY HEAD TOGETHER. I'M IN TOUCH WITH MY FEELINGS, YOU KNOW? I'M SORT OF IN A WEIRD SPACE."
"VERY HEAVY."



The FBI's San Diego hit squad
Xeroxing America's favorite reproductive system
NewTimes
Porn's newest prince
Can he outgross Playboy and Penthouse?
Hustler's Larry Flynt



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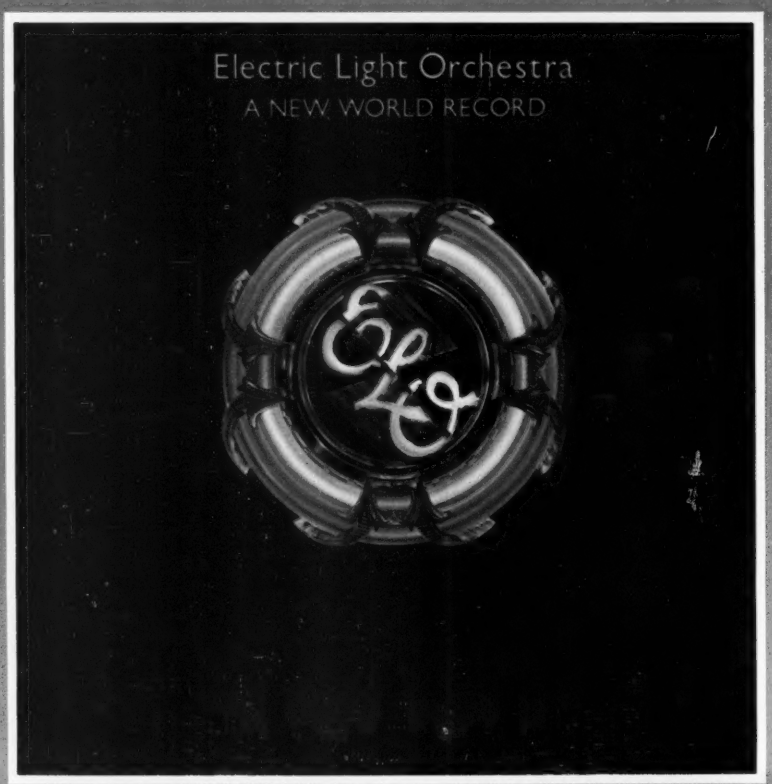
HOLD A NEW WORLD RECORD.



An olympic performance by Jeff Lynne
and Electric Light Orchestra.
The best tracks in the field.
On United Artists Records
and Tapes

Produced by Jeff Lynne

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mation of how one saw oneself, the world and young people's place in it. And he meant to cash in on it.

Besides his idea, Wenner had something else: enormous personal charm. As one of his friends later put it, "If he wants you, or something out of you, it's very difficult to say no. He makes you believe somehow that you are the most important thing in the world to him. That *you* are the one. That he only has eyes for you." Armed with that charm, Wenner persuaded relatives and friends to put up $7,500, a printer to provide him with free office space and credit, a staff into working for free. Michael Lydon, a twenty-four-year-old *Newsweek* correspondent whom he had met at the Monterey Pop Festival signed on as "assistant editor," a key appointment, since Lydon was an accomplished journalist, and, as Wenner quickly pointed out to him, had access to *Newsweek*'s "free" phones on which to report stories. Lydon's wife, Susan, also a writer, was put to work re-writing items lifted from *Melody Maker* and other British rock and roll magazines. John Williams, then art director of *Ramparts*, offered to design the magazine for free. A talented young photographer named Baron Wolman happened by and, after a talk with Wenner, also proferred his services *gratis*. Circulation, naturally, was a crucial concern, and there Wenner turned to the person he trusted the most: Janie Schindelheim, the daughter of a New York dentist, and the woman who would become his wife.

Petite, stylish and strikingly attractive—"a soft Bianca Jagger," a friend describes her—Janie was working as a clerk in the *Ramparts* circulation department when they met. Jann had spotted her the first day he walked into the office, sitting demurely behind the receptionist, a bit of Bloomingdale's set down by the bay. Within weeks, they were lovers. "I saw her," he recalled later, "and, bam, that was it." That is how it usually was with Jann. He seldom agonized over his choices, whether they were people or stories. The decision-making in those days was immediate, almost intuitive, and, as *Rolling Stone* was to prove, seldom wrong.

On November 9, 1967, the first edition of *Rolling Stone* (the name had been a suggestion of Gleason's; for a time Wenner had been leaning toward "The Electric Newspaper") made its first appearance. As the first issues came rolling off the presses, Lydon uncorked a bottle of champagne, and the staff toasted the new venture. There were cheers and congratulations all round. All save Wenner. He stood to one side, with tears brimming in his eyes. "What's wrong?" Lydon asked. "It's just so good," Wenner burbled. "I don't see how we will ever make it better."

For such a shoestring operation, it *was* remarkably professional. The "look" of the book was clean, almost dignified, with column rules and Times Roman type. Included in the 24-page issue was an interview with Donovan (conducted by Wenner, who billed it "An incredible *Rolling Stone* Interview, with this manchild of magic"), an investigative report on what became of the proceeds of the Monterey Pop Festival, brief items on various musical happenings (a drug bust for the Electic Flag; the formation of a new band called Blood, Sweat & Tears), record reviews by Wenner ("it would also appear that vocalist Jim Morrison is making a direct appeal to the pubescent market, but upon closer examination, it turns out that he is not,"

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Wenner opined), and a brief editorial statement of purpose written by the editor and publisher. "*Rolling Stone* is not just about music," Wenner wrote, "but also about the things and attitudes that the music embraces. We've been working quite hard on it and we hope you can dig it. To describe it any further would be difficult without sounding like bullshit, and bullshit is like gathering moss."

The tone, in those first days, was refreshing and irreverent. The early subscription ads, for instance, used to feature two blanks: one a traditional subscription form, the other a letter that read, in full: "Gentleman: *Rolling Stone* sucks." Later, four-letter words like suck, and frontal nudity, would be banished by front-office decree for a two-year test period, in hopes of attracting additional "straight" advertisers such as Sears, Roebuck. But, back in the sixties, the atmosphere was looser. Then, the language problem was not with advertisers, but with printers, one of whom, upon seeing the word "fuck" set in type, grabbed the slug and hurled it at Wenner.

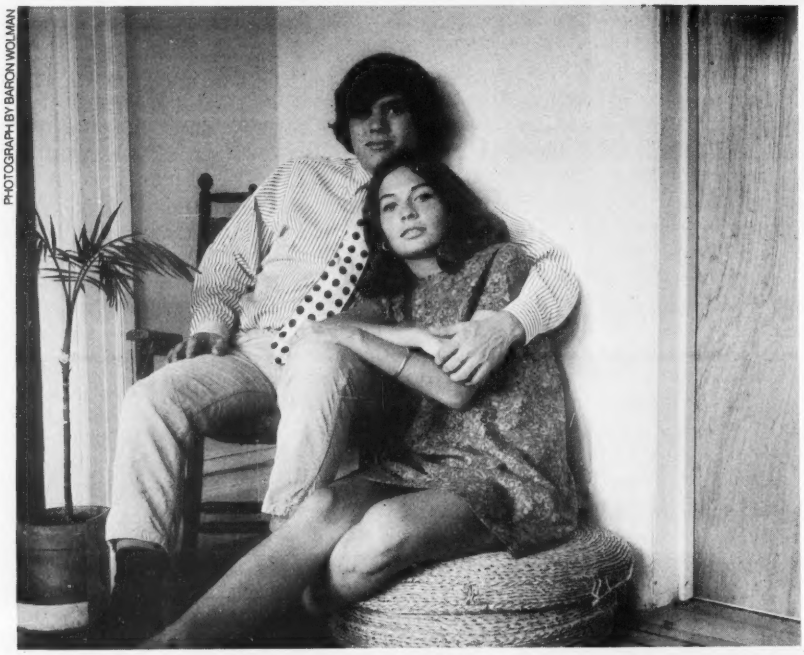
There were fewer restrictions then, and far less need for them. The magazine's existence was still a week-to-week proposition, and there were many weeks when it appeared that they would not make it. The press run on the first issue had been 40,000, and, of those, all but 6,000 were returned unsold. A former writer remembers: "He would get on the phone at that corner desk of his, get some record guy, and not ask him for an ad—Jann would *demand* it. 'You've gotta take out a page,' he would say. 'We need that page. You just gotta put in an ad.' You couldn't believe his balls. But the incredible thing was, it worked. They put in the ads."

There were some weeks when only last-minute ingenuity rescued them. Once, unable to come up with a cover picture, Wenner had Wolman dress his wife, Juliana, in a feather boa, photograph her, then use the picture for the cover. For weeks afterward, San Francisco buzzed with speculation over the identity of the mystery rock star who had graced *Rolling Stone*'s cover.

The relaxed tone of the magazine was a marked contrast to the office where it was produced. The tensions began to develop almost immediately. "Mostly it was Jann," says Susan Lydon. "There was screaming around the office all the time. Sometimes, he would literally be tearing his hair out he was so worried. He never seemed to sleep. Whatever time of day or night you would go in there, you would always find him, pounding away at his typewriter." The original staff, who were not so single-minded in their dedication to *Rolling Stone*, quickly began to depart. Michael Lydon was gone by January, convinced that *Rolling Stone* was becoming something other than he had envisioned, namely, a vehicle for one man's ambition. "Jann wanted a big, popular, successful magazine," Lydon explained later. "He didn't want it to be an underground newspaper. He wanted to meet the Beatles. He wanted to do something that would put him on a par with the Beatles. Well, that isn't what I wanted to do. I guess I had a more idealistic view. Anyway, I just split." Susan remained an additional six months, until one day she realized, "Holy shit, the planet is dying while I'm writing about rock and roll stars. I might as well do nothing. Which is exactly what I did."

Lydon had been correct about one thing: *Rolling Stone* was not a hippie magazine. The hippies might like rock music, but there any resemblance between the "do-it" ethic and *Rolling*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON WOLMAN



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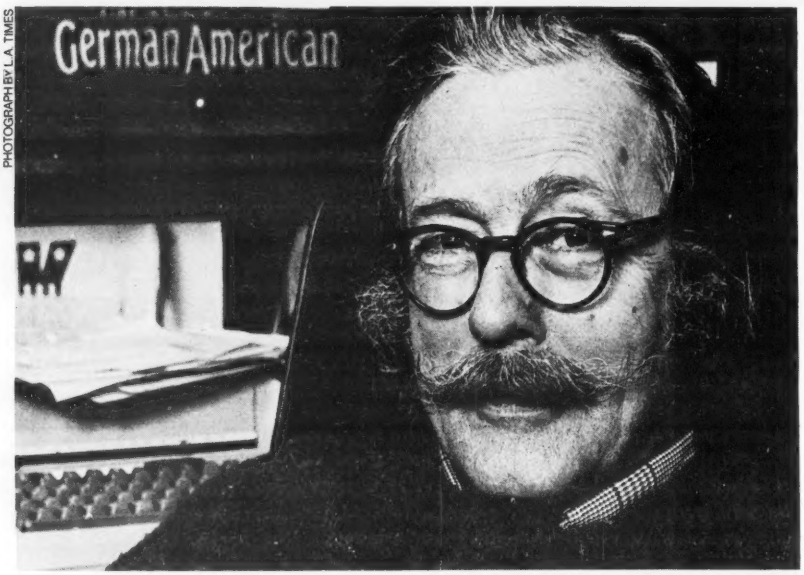

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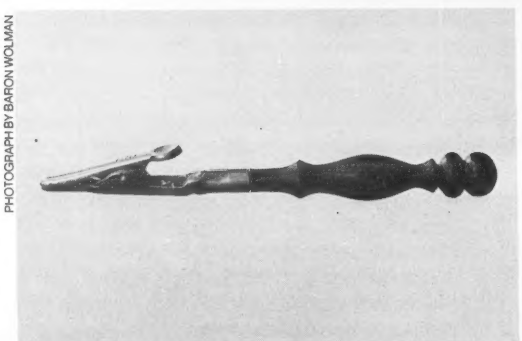

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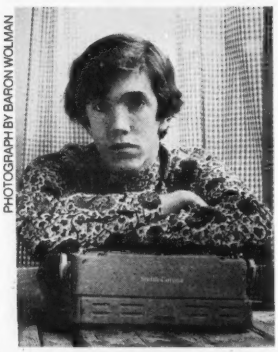

In the beginning: Wenner and Ralph Gleason (center) started *Rolling Stone* in 1967. Michael Lydon (bottom) signed on as assistant editor and Janie Schindelheim (top) as circulation director (she later became Wenner's wife). To attract subscribers, roach clips were offered; to attract ads, frontal nudity was banned.

Stone ended. Unlike the underground newspapers, *Rolling Stone* was never hawked on the street. Wenner made it a point that the magazine was distributed "legit," on newsstands, like *Time*, which he called "some evil idol." Nor was there psychedelic art to be found in *Rolling Stone*'s pages. Psychedelics were hippie—"non-class," as Wenner put it. Class mattered a great deal to him. Susan Lydon recalls that whenever the phone rang on Wenner's desk, she would always have to answer it: "He said it sounded classier to have a chick's voice on the end of the line." Class meant stretching the magazine's early budget to buy expensive filing cabinets. When Gleason protested that cardboard boxes would serve the same purpose, Wenner shot back:"That's for hippies." He was, in fact, deeply hostile to hippiedom, and never tired of denouncing what he termed their "recklessness and thorough lack of moral compunction" either privately or in print. (Ironically, Wenner's mother, after divorcing his father, became engrossed in various "hip" lifestyles and, in later years, Wenner referred to her, with a mixture of pity and contempt, as "a goddam hippie.") His reaction was understandable. Hippies, after all, did not work. They did not believe in money. Indeed, the whole hippie ideology was based on rejecting both ambition and capitalism, and Jann believed devoutly in both. "Capitalism," he once told a reporter, "has given us the incredible indulgence of rock and roll music." And so many other things as well. "Wow," he said, gesturing at the office photocopier, "look at that Xerox machine. Every time I look at that, then I really feel like we've made it. I mean, that's reality."

He worked hard at making that reality come true. Around the office, he was a bundle of manic energy, a man who seemed to live on his very nerve endings. His ideas gushed forth like his speech: in short, not always comprehensible bursts, punctuated by jerks, grunts, a lot of "you know's" ("There's this group, you know, and, you know, they're really hot, which is why, you know, we just *gotta* do them") and, when speech failed entirely, strings of "blah, blah, blahs." Somehow, though, he managed to communicate, if not in words, then in sheer enthusiasm. He was, in that sense, the embodiment of his generation, not sure of where he was going or why, only that it was important to get there, and in a hurry.

You could see it, even in the way he walked around the office; not really a walk at all, but a sort of half-trot, his

Model EX-2K Stereo Music System with Built-in Cassette Player/Recorder. ©1976 Sony Corporation of America. SONY is a trademark of Sony Corporation.

If you're about to buy your first stereo, you're probably considering a compact. Partly because you don't know beans about stereos, and partly because what little you know is matched only by how little you want to spend. So we told our engineers to make a new compact that gives the beginners what the experts ask for. At a price that will make everyone happy. Here it is: the EX-2K.

First, the turntable. Ours is single play, a feature professionals have always asked for. It allows a lower tracking force (a consistent light pressure on records) for less wear and tear. Its platter is made of cast aluminum with balanced weight for better performance.

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The EX-2K is fully automatic. You can even push a button for the number of times you want to hear a record. And if you don't want to start that record from the beginning, you push another button for automatic cuing.

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Every component, as well as the chassis, is made by Sony, so you know everything is completely up to our high standards.

You've heard what goes into the EX-2K, wait till you hear what comes out of it. The famous Sony sound, coming to you through our new advanced design Sensi-Bass speakers. They give a rich bass sound you'd never expect to hear from speakers this size.

Now instead of looking at your first stereo and thinking "It'll do"...you'll look at your first stereo and think "Wow!"

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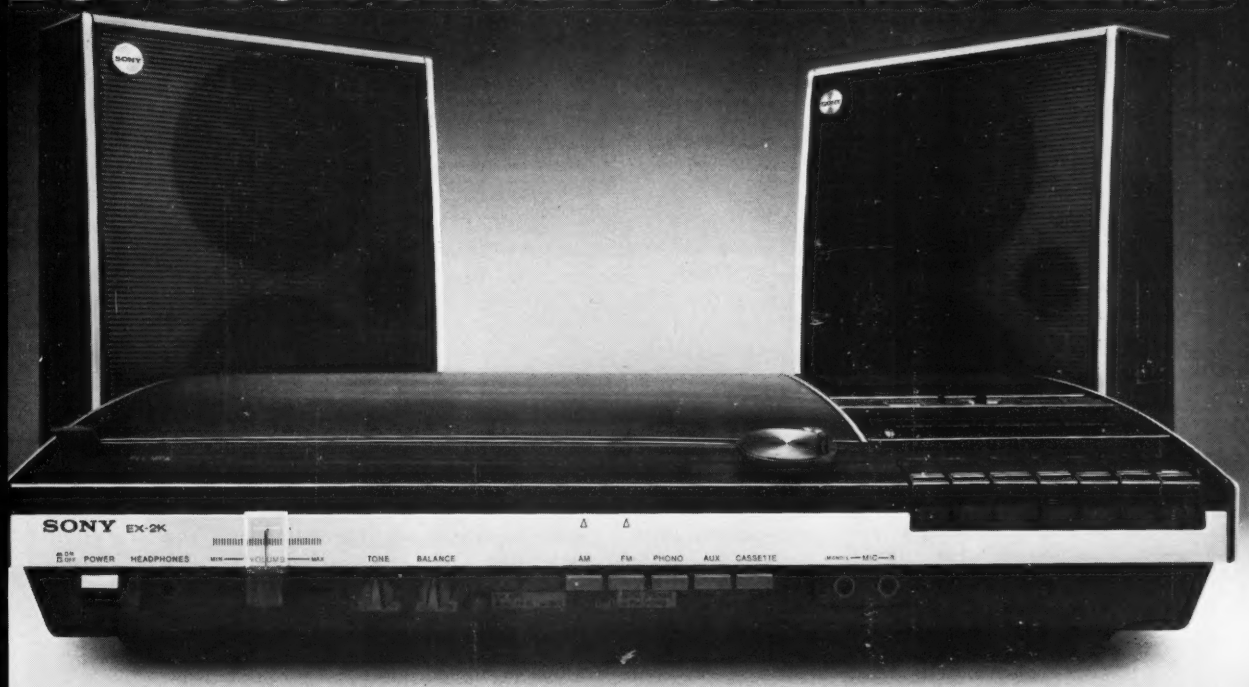


THE EX SERIES "IT'S A SONY."

small body bent forward, as if heading into an invisible wind. He was constantly fidgeting, getting up, sitting down, then getting up again, running both his hands through his hair, scratching himself, tapping his pencil, playing with the letter opener on his desk, drumming his fingers and, in those moments when nervousness threatened to overwhelm him entirely, gnawing on the lower part of his thumb, as if literally consuming himself.

Much of his restless energy was natural ("Jann," as one of his editors puts it, "gives you the impression of a nuclear reactor that is always at the point of critical mass"), but part of it stemmed directly from drugs. He had begun taking acid in a serious way at Berkeley about the same time several of his friends, among them James Pike Jr., the son of the Episcopal bishop, committed suicide. Nearly every weekend was spent on a prolonged acid trip, often in the company of his friend, John Warnecke Jr., the architect's son. Warnecke remembers that Jann did not handle psychedelics well, but continued to use them, since, if nothing else, they provided continual fodder for a column he was writing for the university newspaper, the *Daily Californian*. "To the silver judges and the golden jury it was not a question of Sitting Bull or Standing Up, but of Ringworm's sudden materialization at Blue Ned," he reported after one acid weekend. ". . . Nowhere Man and a bit of bored imagination; both at once, Nowhere, Neverwas, Notnow, Nottobe. World without End; People without names; Friends without Friendship."

Eventually the psychedelics were replaced by exotic combinations of amphetamines; in a word, speed. "You'd watch him putting this stuff into his body," says a *Rolling Stone* editor. "It was like he was filling up a car with gasoline."

Later, Wenner began mixing amphetamines with hefty doses of cocaine, to the point where his use of the drug became something of an office joke. In recognition of his tastes, his spot in the magazine's parking lot was marked with a sign that read "Jann" and, over his name, a small coke spoon. Inevitably, the drugs had an effect on his personality and work habits. He was moody, unpredictable, easily irritated, constantly changing his mind. Sometimes, it seemed as if he were two personalities in one. "He'd do something one day, sleep on it, then wake up to realize that the Jann Wenner he was today didn't approve at all of what the Jann Wenner he was yesterday had done," says one of his editors. Late one night, he walked into the office to discover workers erecting partitions as he had directed that very morning. "Take them down, that's all wrong," he ordered. When the workmen objected, he threatened them: "The only way any of you are going to be paid is with 30 days in the county jail." He then slammed out of the office. The workmen talked over the situation, agreed that he was stoned, and went on doing what they were doing. The incident was never mentioned again.

It was not unusual for Jann to be prowling the office late at night. He always kept strange hours, almost the reverse of most people. Whereas the normal office routine ran from 9 to 5, Jann's inner clock ran from noon, when he rose, to 3:00, 4:00, even 5:00 in the morning, at which point he often collapsed of sheer exhaustion.

Day or night, paranoia was never far away. He had few close friends, and was continually on guard against plots, real or imagined, that might be hatched against him. Once, during a trip to Italy with Janie and record company executive Earl McGrath and his wife, he stopped in to see Michelangelo's "Last Supper." Wenner gazed up at the painting for a few moments, then turned to McGrath and said, "Which one is Judas Iscariot?" If Wenner worried about traitors in his midst ("I know a lot of people are jealous and envious of what I have done," he would say, "they would like to get me"), he was also concerned about natural disasters that might befall him, particularly earthquakes. This year, even as he was laying plans to leave San Francisco, he was preparing a confidential memo for his senior editors on how the magazine would cover the great earthquake he was certain would soon strike the city. He took other precautions as well. Towering over the *Rolling Stone* parking lot was an old smokestack atop a neighboring factory building. Jann worried that one day it would topple over and crush his Mercedes, and, with his luck, him inside. One day at an editorial meeting, in the midst of dispensing routine orders, he glanced out the window and said, in all seriousness, "And have that smokestack taken down."

"You're just so overwhelmed when you get here," said one editor of *Rolling Stone*. "There are so many sensual treats: women, drugs, music. And you get into all of them"

Wenner's staff became accustomed to such foibles. Knowledge of his drug use was widespread in the office, and his editors used it as a gauge of his mood. A period of heavy drug use, for instance, made it advisable to stay away from him with petty problems. When he came into the office sniffling they knew he was not suffering from a cold. (One other tip-off, according to a friend, was how Wenner drank his coffee. Usually, it was black. With cream, it signaled he was using cocaine.) They also knew that magazine closings would usually be late and harried, and that once every two weeks, they could count on working 24 or 36 hours at a stretch, ready to make a last-minute cover switch, change a headline, touch up a picture or whatever else struck Jann's last-minute fancy. He could, as he did in the case of a recent cover story on rock star Peter Frampton, switch a cove. picture after 100,000 copies of the magazine had already been printed. That particular change of mind cost *Rolling Stone* an estimated $10,000.

The price was worth paying, for Wenner insisted that every part of the magazine had to meet his exacting standards. There was no aspect of *Rolling Stone*, however seemingly trivial, that did not, at one time or another, command his personal attention.

Wenner made it clear to anyone who asked that he was turning out a magazine to suit *his* tastes. And that was *Rolling Stone*'s strength. Unlike its slicker and better-financed competitors—the *Cheetah*'s and *Eye*'s that came and went—*Rolling Stone* never had to wonder about its readership, never had to guess what young people were thinking, never had to worry whether the market was changing. Not so long as *Rolling Stone*'s most avid reader and fan was sitting in the editor's chair. If Jann's tastes were changing—if he were becoming bored, say, with "heavy metal"—invariably that meant that young people's tastes were changing as well. Occasionally, he was wrong, sometimes disastrously so (a recent cover story on Pat Boone, whom Wenner was convinced was about to enjoy a major revival, turned out to be one of the worst sellers in *Rolling Stone*'s history), but, far more often he was correct.

Wenner's shrewdest assessment was his first one: that rock and roll was more than the incomprehensible, shrill noise that most adults in the sixties imagined it to be; that, it was, in fact, different than any other kind of music, not only in the way it sounded—harsh, pul-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ/ROLLING STONE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY ETHAN A. RUSSEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.A. TIMES

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON WOLMAN

Riding high: by the early '70s, the editorial product had never been better, thanks to the homegrown talent pictured at the top, including Hunter Thompson (back row, center), Joe Eszterhas (far left) and Jon Landau (seated at Wenner's left). Established writers like Tom Wolfe (middle, with Wenner and John Lennon) soon followed. But there were severe financial problems, occasioned by Wenner's high living style, symbolized by his Victorian house (center, bottom), and by dubious business ventures with people like Mick Jagger (right). Finally, millionaire Max Palevsky (left) came to the rescue.

sating, driving as the sixties were themselves—but in the almost mystic hold it had on those, like himself, who listened to it, and believed in it. Rock was the expression of the youth rebellion. Rock was what separated young people from their parents. Rock, as Wenner was always saying, was the music that "will set you free."

That was the myth of rock, why adults, who believed in facts, could never understand it. Facts were pain and death and getting up in the morning to go to a job that you hated, all the things, in short, that never got into the pages of *Rolling Stone*. The vision Wenner communicated in *Rolling Stone* was of an entirely different world, a fantasy universe where people never got old, dope was always good and cops were always bad, a land where rock stars sang, as *Rolling Stone* writer Greil Marcus put it, "as if they were destined to survive not only a few weeks on the charts but to make history."

Such was the myth that came across in the pages of *Rolling Stone*. Not everyone, not even some who worked for *Rolling Stone*, could believe it. Associate editor John Lombardi finally left after having "one too many nightmares that I was drowning in a sea of leisure-time activity." The important thing was, though, that Wenner did. "Rock and roll itself is a nothing term," he once said. "But the *concept* of rock and roll is the energy core of this fantastic American dynamo that has brought about such a change in American life. It's not just the music, but all the things that go with it—dress, drugs, sex, speech habits, entire lifestyles."

Before long, reading *Rolling Stone* became an indispensable part of that lifestyle. Each week the subscription orders seemed to double. A number of new subscribers included notes with the checks—"*Rolling Stone* is a high," a typical letter said—occasionally even "love gifts" of marijuana. By the end of *Rolling Stone*'s first year and a half in operation, subscriptions had risen to 60,000. Advertisers took notice. They could hardly afford not to. The average 19-year-old *Rolling Stone* reader had more discretionary income for leisure-time activities than his parents. Every year, he (more than 90 percent of the early *Rolling Stone* readers were male) spent an astounding $600 on record albums, another $300 on stereo equipment. The record companies began lining up.

The money that poured in on *Rolling Stone* from advertisers enabled Wenner to expand and professionalize his staff. They were, to put it mildly, an eclectic group, as diverse and volatile as the times themselves: dopers and groupies, straights and squirrels—and not a few of the most talented writers and editors in the country. There were oddball geniuses like copy editor Charlie Perry (or "Smokestack El Ropo" as his pen name had it), a gourmet cook, wine connoisseur, Arabic scholar, Tibetan horn player, collector of ties, linguist (and former dope dealer), who passed the time during editorial meetings jotting Arabic poems. And some plain oddballs, like "Clarabelle," a character in the business department, who demonstrated his appetite for the female of the species by pulling open the blouses of women in the office. Clarabelle finally stepped over the line one day, when, with great fanfare, he announced to the staff that if they looked out the window and into the parking lot at precisely 3:00, they would witness something rather unusual. At the appointed hour, everyone gazed out the window to behold Clarabelle being ministered to orally by a girl from the neighboring office. Wenner, who was one of those who partook in the vision, fired him that afternoon.

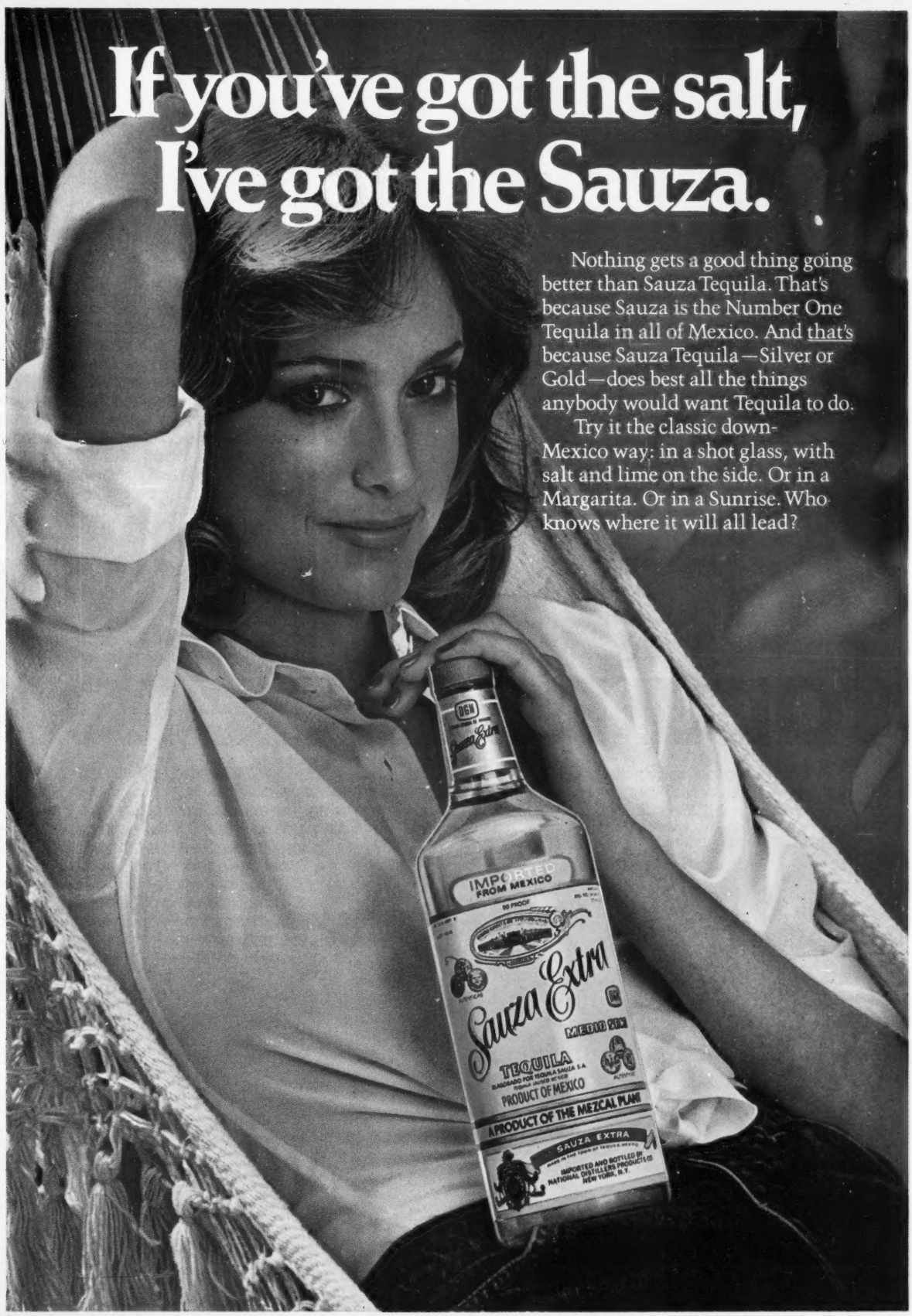
At the age of 23, Wenner wrote to his British staff, "you're just a bunch of amateurs and kids playing at the game of publishing . . ."

Clarabelle was one of many who were helped out the door. But let a writer leave on his own, and Wenner was incredulous. To one editor, who explained he was quitting so that he could spend more time with his children, Wenner said: "See you around the day-care center, asshole." There was no such thing as a better job. None was imaginable. It was, for the dozens who came and went over the years, not so much a job as a vocation, a sort of hip priesthood with its own rights and rubrics, its special traditions and virtues, to which one paid reverence and respect. Wenner set the tone: "The first thing I think about is *Rolling Stone*," he once told Wolman. He paused and added, "that's all I think about." The attitude of the staff differed only slightly. It was not that *Rolling Stone* paid more than other magazines—indeed, in most instances it paid less—or that the working conditions were any better—in fact, the hours were longer, the standards more demanding than at other publications. What drew editors and writers to *Rolling Stone*, and what kept them there, even in the face of the most unimaginable humiliations from Wenner, was a shared vision of how the world worked, or rather was supposed to work, and the unalterable conviction that only *Rolling Stone* saw it quite the same way they did. "*Rolling Stone* is more than a magazine," says David Felton, a gifted writer and editor who has been hired, fired and rehired by Wenner on three separate occasions. "If you are someone like I am, a person who has worked for a straight newspaper, coming to *Rolling Stone* is the event that changes your life. You're just overwhelmed when you get here. There are so many sensual treats: women, drugs, music. And you get into all of them. You leave your wife, try drugs, start listening to music, and forget who you ever were."

The classic example was contributing editor Joe Eszterhas. The first day he showed up at the office, fresh from Cleveland and togged out in a vinyl car coat, he seemed so improbably straight that the receptionist politely asked whether he was a cop. A few weeks at *Rolling Stone* changed all that. The hair began to grow and a beard sprouted. The vinyl car coat gave way to a fringed leather jacket, jeans and heavy boots, in which he carried a large hunting knife. He became, in short, Joe Eszterhas, *Rolling Stone* writer.

They were a tight group, Eszterhas and the others, bound together by their age, their attitudes, the long hours they worked every week, and, more than anything, the common experience of having grown up in the sixties. A number of them lived together, and even of those who didn't, many made it a point to live close to one another, and spend their off-hours socializing together. "Family," was the word they used to describe their relationship, and the word fit. Not merely in the loose atmosphere that prevailed in the office—the dogs who wandered through the halls, the pot smoke that sometimes wafted through the corridors—but family in the traditional sense: a daddy and his children.

Father, of course, was Jann, a figure, like all fathers, both hated and loved at the same time. He exalted in the role. He was constantly trying to patch up quarrels in the family, expressing concern when couples broke up, sending elaborate wedding gifts to those who made the ultimate commitment, playing with their children, lending them money, scolding them when they were bad, crying with them over hard times, doing everything possible, in short, to insure that *Rolling Stone* would remain a family—a


If you've got the salt,
I've got the Sauza.
Nothing gets a good thing going better than Sauza Tequila. That's because Sauza is the Number One Tequila in all of Mexico. And that's because Sauza Tequila—Silver or Gold—does best all the things anybody would want Tequila to do.
Try it the classic down-Mexico way: in a shot glass, with salt and lime on the side. Or in a Margarita. Or in a Sunrise. Who knows where it will all lead?
IMPORTED FROM MEXICO
Sauza Extra
TEQUILA
PRODUCT OF MEXICO
A PRODUCT OF THE MEZCAL PLANT
SAUZA EXTRA

Sauza Silver, Golden Sauza Extra and extraordinary Conmemorativo Tequila, 80 proof. Sole U.S. Importer. National Distillers Products Co., New York, N.Y.

A whole generation grew up with it. And now...

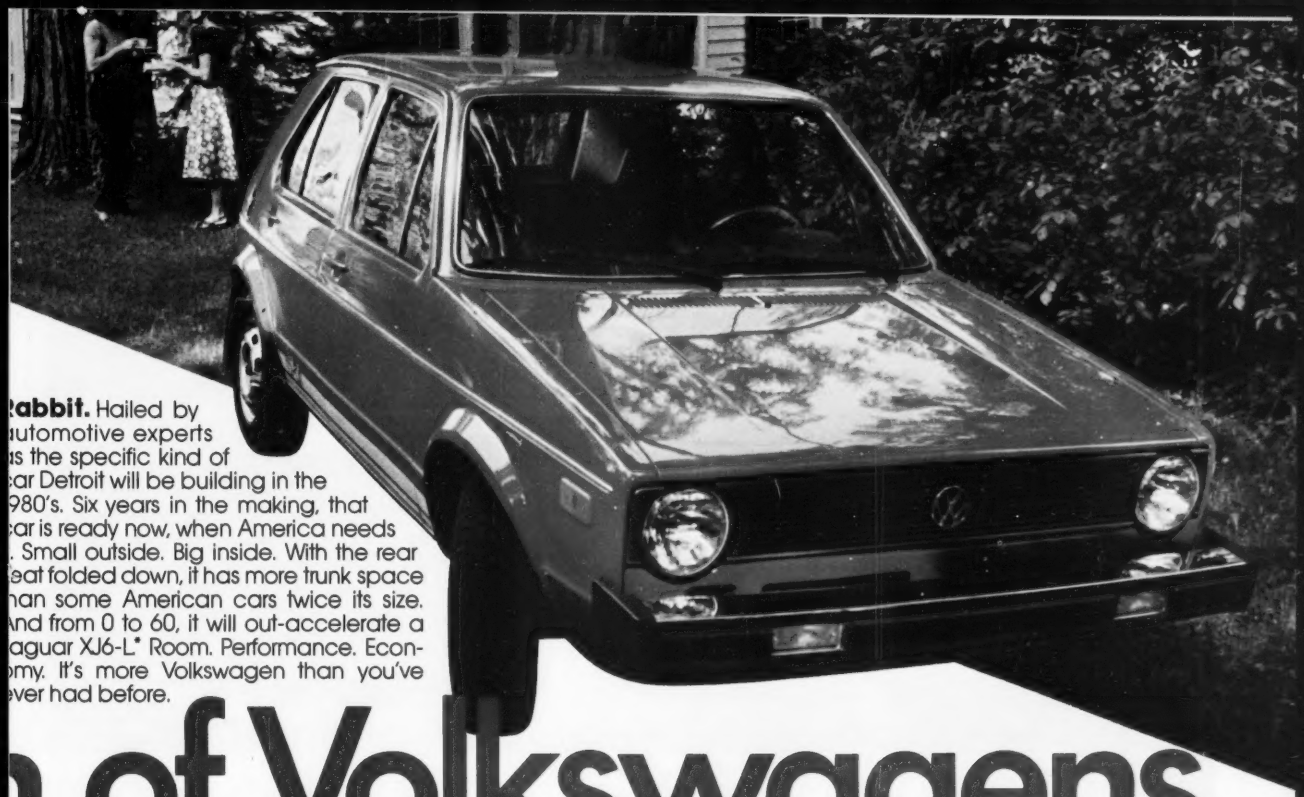
27 years and 33 million cars later, there's a whole new generation of Volkswagens. The 1977 Rabbit, Dasher, and Scirocco. Three of the most remarkable cars ever built, these Volkswagens feature highly advanced engineering. Such as fuel-injection. Front-wheel drive. Front-disc brakes. And precise rack-and-pinion steering.

In economy, they're everything you would expect from Volkswagen. All three get 24 MPG in the city. Rabbit and Scirocco get 37 MPG on the highway, Dasher gets 36. (EPA estimates with standard transmission. Actual mileage depends on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and the car's condition.)

A new generatio for a new genera

Dasher. Our sensible luxury car. It's the first elegant automobile to come along with all the virtues of a Volkswagen. Conservative on the exterior. Extravagant on the interior. With plush upholstery. Fully reclining seats. Rich carpeting. And even a quartz-crystal clock.

In performance, it can travel from 0 to 50 in only 8.0 seconds. In safety, the Dasher has dual-diagonal braking circuits and negative steering roll radius—which helps maintain directional stability in the event of a front tire blowout. What's more, the Dasher is available in a wagon as well as a sedan.



Rabbit. Hailed by automotive experts as the specific kind of car Detroit will be building in the 1980's. Six years in the making, that car is ready now, when America needs it. Small outside. Big inside. With the rear seat folded down, it has more trunk space than some American cars twice its size. And from 0 to 60, it will out-accelerate a Jaguar XJ6-L* Room. Performance. Economy. It's more Volkswagen than you've ever had before.

n of Volkswagens ion of Americans.

Scirocco. It's the Volkswagen that people can't believe is a Volkswagen. It looks like an Italian sportscar because Italy's famous Giugiaro designed it. And it performs like a German sportscar because it has a powerful fuel-injected overhead cam engine, standard radial tires, and a unique suspension system for incredible handling. If ever there was any question about Volkswagen's qualifications on the race track, let it be known that Scirocco just won the 1976 Trans Am Manufacturers Championship for cars under two liters.

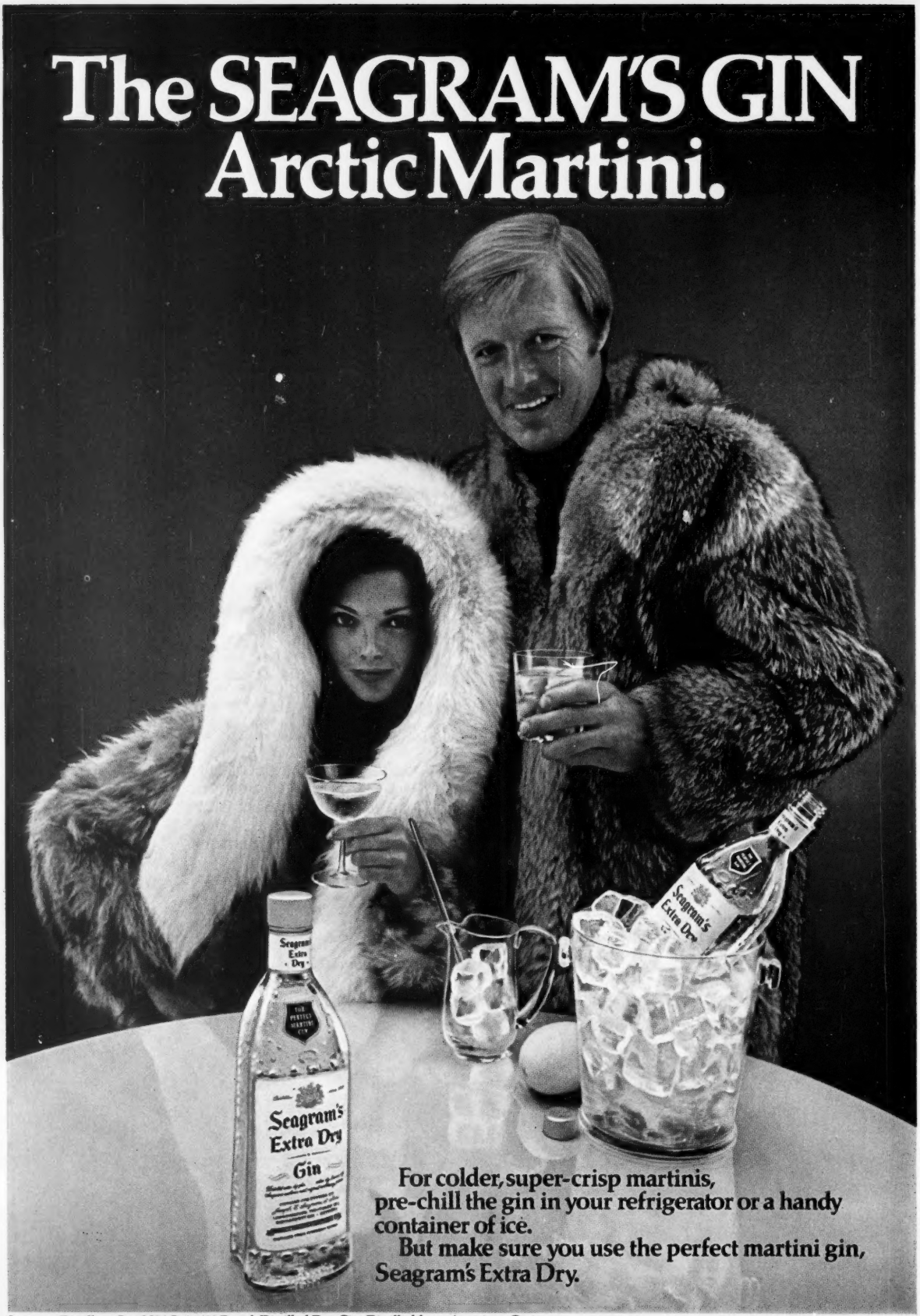
The 1977 Rabbit, Dasher, and Scirocco. A whole new generation.

Because times have changed, America.

And so have Volkswagens.

*Test conducted by Motor Trend

The SEAGRAM'S GIN Arctic Martini.



For colder, super-crisp martinis, pre-chill the gin in your refrigerator or a handy container of ice.

But make sure you use the perfect martini gin, Seagram's Extra Dry.

Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. 86/80 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

The Columbia Connection

"The reason for our success is that our readers believe us. They believe that we are not tied to a number of special interests; that we ourselves are not trying to put anything over on them; that we are working for ourselves; that we are relatively independent and do what we want to do."

—Jann Wenner

"*Relatively* independent." An interesting choice of words, that; one which said a lot about Wenner and his magazine, a hint perhaps that, about some things, *Rolling Stone*'s independence was most relative indeed. Take the record business.

Rolling Stone, especially at the start, depended on record company advertising dollars for its financial lifeblood. Even now, with liquor and cigarette ads beginning to crowd the pages of the magazine, record and music-related advertising account for over 60 percent of *Rolling Stone*'s advertising revenues, which this year are expected to top $8 million. In the early years, *Rolling Stone* itself was distributed by Independent News Service, wholly-owned subsidiary of Warner Communications, the giant conglomerate whose holdings include Warner Bros. Records, Atlantic/ATCO and Elektra/Asylum records. The relationship between Independent News and *Rolling Stone* was terminated several years ago, but while it lasted, Independent played a crucial role in keeping *Rolling Stone* together, especially in 1970, when, virtually bankrupt, Wenner obtained a $100,000 advance from Independent against future sales—in effect, an unsecured, interest-free loan. During the same period, Wenner also obtained advances against future advertising of more than $25,000 each from Atlantic and Columbia records.

Wenner himself was personally close to a number of record company executives, among them Jack Holzman, the former president of Elektra, Phil Walden of Capricon (see *New Times*, Sept. 3, 1976) and Earl McGrath, another Atlantic executive. He also socialized with musicians whose releases *Rolling Stone* reviewed. They included singer Boz Scaggs (one of whose albums Wenner co-produced), Artie Garfunkel (a frequent tennis partner and subject of a *Rolling Stone* cover and interview), Jim Messina (who sold Wenner his Mercedes at a bargain rate and later wound up on *Rolling Stone*'s cover) and Mick Jagger (who teamed up with Wenner to publish a brief, ill-fated British edition of *Rolling Stone*).

Given Wenner's friendships, conflicts were inevitable. And nowhere were they clearer—or greater—than in *Rolling Stone*'s relationship with Columbia and its former president, Clive Davis.

Davis, a Brooklyn-born corporation lawyer who moved to Columbia and into rock and to the top of the charts, spotted *Rolling Stone*'s potential early. Columbia placed its first advertising order with the magazine in issue eight. That order—the first received from a major record company—was an important milestone in *Rolling Stone*'s history. Other companies, following Columbia's lead, signed up shortly thereafter. Columbia itself eventually contracted for a minimum of 52 insertions per year. The ads, however, were only the beginning.

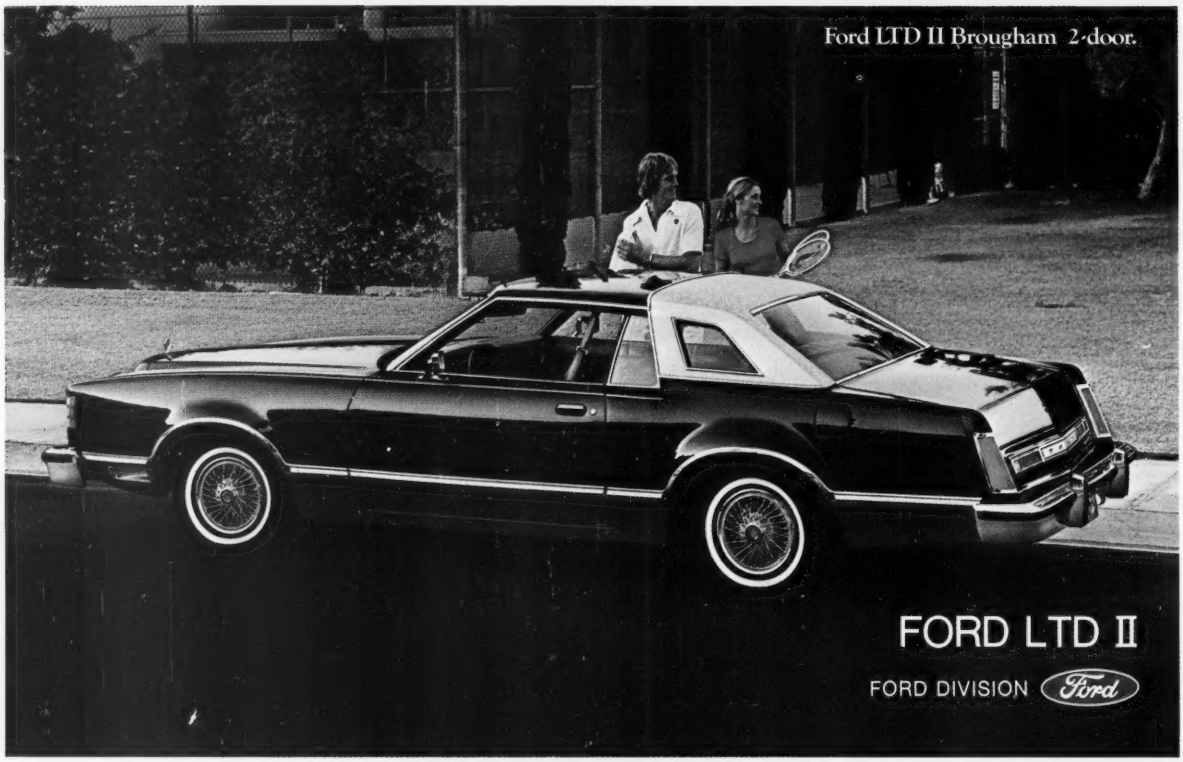
In 1968, during one of the magazine's periodic financial crises, Davis advanced Wenner money against future ads. He did the same thing two years later. Then, other favors started coming. First, it was distribution. Columbia agreed to have its salesmen distribute *Rolling Stone* through record stores, a mutually lucrative arrangement that accounted for more than 15 percent of *Rolling Stone*'s single-copy sales. Next, it was advice. Knowing of *Rolling Stone*'s confused financial operations, Davis steered Wenner to a management consultant. Meanwhile, he had Columbia's art department design a direct mail campaign for the magazine. At one point, *Rolling Stone*'s advertising salesmen were working directly out of Columbia's offices. Wenner, naturally, was appreciative. In 1971, when he went to Columbia University to receive a National Magazine Award for *Rolling Stone*'s coverage of the Altamont rock concert and the Manson family, he invited one guest from outside the magazine: Clive J. Davis.

Davis had Wenner's ear whenever he wanted it. He frequently called the magazine to excoriate Wenner about what he considered unfair reviews or stories about Columbia artists. Once, Wenner actually fired a record reviewer for writing "negative" reviews and "failing to have 'the proper attitude toward the artists,'" after he had the temerity to write some unkind words about Bob Dylan, then a major light in Davis' constellation of rock stars. On another occasion, John Rockwell, the pop music critic of the *New York Times*, reported, while writing freelance for *Rolling Stone*, the commonly-held opinion that Fender guitars had declined in quality after the company was taken over by CBS. Rockwell's copy caused consternation

Such good friends: Wenner was close to many people in the recording industry, including singer Boz Scaggs (right) and Clive Davis (center), ex-Columbia Records president.

Announcing a beautiful new idea. Ford LTD II.

It marries the luxury of the Ford LTD with the sporty flair of the Mustang II.



Now, in addition to the full-size Ford LTD, Ford also offers LTD's kind of quality and luxury in a sportier, trimmer car that's priced and handles like a mid-size.

Outside, the new trimmer, sportier lines of the LTD II set it apart from every other mid-size car.

But step inside and you've stepped into a world that's very close to the full-size LTD.

Plush, comfortable seats. Tastefully elegant appointments. The satisfying luxury and the high level of workmanship that's become an LTD trademark.

There's no mistaking the smooth, comfortable ride of an LTD. It's a legend. And now LTD II gives you a ride that's very close to that legend. It uses the same basic kind of remarkably smooth riding suspension as Ford's most expensive car.

There's no mistaking the sporty spirit of the Mustang II. Even though the new LTD II is quiet and solid on the straightaway, its trim size means nimble handling and a fun-feel for the road that's surprising in a luxurious, comfortable car.

Roominess is another pleasant surprise. While the trimmer size means a trimmer mid-size price and nimble handling, LTD II still gives you six-passenger comfort.

And even with its mid-size price LTD II comes with a long list of standard features. Automatic transmission, power steering, V-8 engine, power front disc brakes, steel-belted radials. And much more.

Economy is engineered in. You'll appreciate the way LTD II is designed for easy maintenance. The new LTD II incorporates Ford's time-tested maintenance improvements with new features like the DuraSpark Ignition system.

Discover how LTD II marries LTD's kind of quality and luxury with the sporty flair of a Mustang II.

Test drive LTD II soon at your local Ford Dealer.

FORD

When America needs a better idea, Ford puts it on wheels.

in the *Rolling Stone* office. After some discussion, he was directed to call CBS for a rebuttal, and the final story was altered to include the CBS point of view. That, however, did not mollify Fender, and the company canceled its advertising. On yet another occasion, *Rolling Stone* editor Peter McCabe was abruptly ordered by Wenner to discontinue a profile he was doing on Davis, after Davis complained that some of the questions McCabe was asking were exceedingly pointed. "You just aren't doing the story properly," he told McCabe. "You don't understand the nature of the business."

Davis himself later recounted in his autobiography: "I occasionally wondered how they could accept consulting and advertising assistance from Columbia—and then poke fun at us . . . or say downright nasty things. Then I'd cool down and realize that this was part of the game. Jann knew his readership, and his loyalty had to be to them. Nice notices for Columbia made him vulnerable to charges of 'selling out.' I began to realize that he blasted us occasionally just to protect himself against this kind of problem."

The game finally ended on May 29, 1973, with Davis' summary firing by CBS. According to court papers later filed by CBS, Columbia's president, while helping *Rolling Stone*, had also been helping himself to the company till. Davis, CBS charged, had spent $20,000 of Columbia money to finance his son's bar mitzvah party at the Plaza Hotel, another $53,000 of company funds to redecorate his apartment and $25,000 to rent a second home in Beverly Hills. Davis' dismissal rocked the music business and led to a federal investigation which culminated earlier this year with Davis pleading guilty to income tax evasion.

Wenner, who was in Rome at the time of Davis' firing, later professed surprise at the story. In fact, suspicions about Davis had been brought to his attention some months before by former *Rolling Stone* associate editor John Lombardi, who had been given a complete rundown on Davis by a source in the music business. Wenner, however, was not interested. "He didn't want to hear about it," remembers Lombardi. "He said, 'that's nonsense,' and waved it off with a flick of his wrist." As Wenner himself said later: "We don't do stories on people if they don't want them done."●

family he never had. When he was particularly cross with one of his staff, he would walk outside his office, place his hands on his hips, and bellow out the name of the offender—"Daavid—come heeere"—like a father summoning a truant child. When he was pleased with something they had done, he would shower praise, and, often as not, a hefty bonus, on them, assure them they were "sweet" and "wonderful," hug them, kiss them, literally pat them on the head.

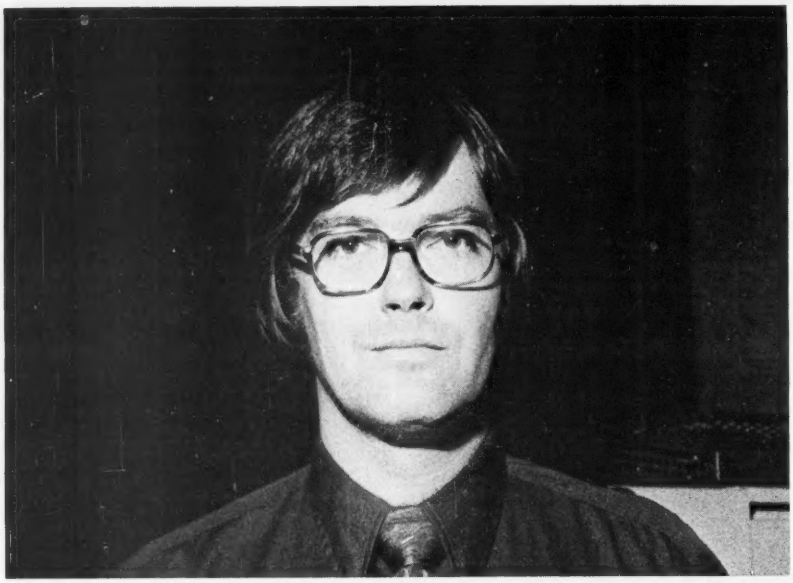
There was no pleasing him forever, though. Inevitably, something would happen for which there could be no forgiveness. Sometimes, the offense was petty: one female editor was "fired" (she ignored the dismissal, and simply stayed clear of her boss the next six months) after refusing to fetch him a cup of coffee; a secretary was dismissed after she refused to return a Cartier lighter Jann had scratched for a new one. Ironically, he could ignore far more serious incidents. Trusted editors knew that they could tell Wenner to "go fuck yourself" and that the insult would slide off. Even employees of the mailroom could, as one did, call Wenner "a fat little Jew," threaten to kill him, and have their boss laugh at him. The truth was, Wenner hated to fire people, and would do almost anything to avoid it. Instead, he tried to force them out, usually by humiliating them. That is what he did with Bob Kingsbury, the magazine's first full-time art director, and his own brother-in-law. Wenner had been unsatisfied with Kingsbury's performance for years, but had been unable to bring himself to get rid of him. Instead, he proceeded to strip him of his manhood. One tactic was belittling Kingsbury in the presence of other editors. When that failed, he hired someone to do half of Kingsbury's chores and let it be known that the new person was making a higher salary. When Kingsbury inquired why, Wenner told him bluntly: "Because they're worth more than you are." Eventually, Wenner discovered a way of dealing with Kingsbury by commissioning him to do "special projects" for the magazine.

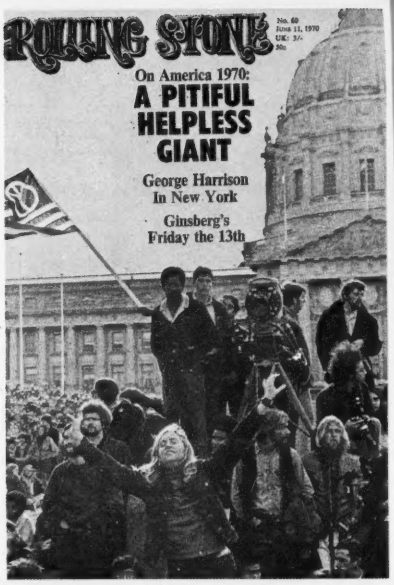
Or there was the case of Grover Lewis, the former West Coast editor of the *Village Voice* who, after being assigned to do a piece about Wenner (the *Voice* declined to run it, since it was deemed overly favorable) came to work for him, and, in time, became one of the magazine's brightest stars. As Lewis' lustre began to dim, Wenner searched for ways to get rid of him. For six months he temporized. Finally, a mutually agreeable solution was arrived at: Lewis would move to Texas and write a book on John Connally, for which Wenner would pay him an advance of $40,000. In due course, the contract was signed, Lewis sold his home in San Francisco, and began getting ready to move to Texas. It was then, and only then, that Wenner screwed up his courage, and, through an intermediary, informed Lewis that there wouldn't be a book after all, and that he was finished. Lewis subsequently sued and collected $13,000.

Such experiences were painful for Wenner, for they meant not only losing an employee, but casting out a member of "the family." "Don't they understand?" Wenner said to one of his editors in exasperation, "I'm helping them to grow up, to be stronger." He was, in short, being their father. A father was loyal to the members of his family, and, in turn, he expected absolute loyalty of them. It was the virtue Wenner prized above all others. If he perceived someone to be slacking off, they were deemed to be disloyal. "It was like you had struck his child," says Felton. When that occurred, the results were fearsome. There was a secretary in the New York office, for instance, who suffered from various nervous problems that kept her home sick more than Wenner thought reasonable. "Fire her," he instructed Peter McCabe, then the magazine's New York bureau chief. When McCabe protested, Wenner glared at him. "Working for *Rolling Stone*," he said, "should be a privilege."

Woe be to those who did not see it that way. Then they incurred the full measure of Wenner's wrath. It happened to Marianne Partridge, who had joined the magazine as the copy chief, and, with Wenner's blessing, taken on increasing responsibility, to the point where, by 1975, she was functioning as co-managing editor. Partridge's considerable abilities attracted the attention of Clay Felker, publisher of *New York* magazine and the *Village Voice*, and a Wenner rival. (For a time Wenner hung a quotation from Felker in his New York office. The quote read: "Where is it written that Jann Wenner should inherit the earth?") This June, Felker offered Partridge the managing editorship of the *Voice*, a position that commanded considerably more responsibility and salary than that which she enjoyed at *Rolling Stone*. When, the day after the magazine's party for Carter's staff, she informed Wenner that she was leaving to accept the position, Wenner exploded. "You fucking whore!" he screamed at her. With that, he gave her the rest of the day to clean her things out of the office,

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON WOLMAN





A time of revolt: after the special issue on Kent State and Cambodia, managing editor John Burks (above) was determined the magazine would focus on politics. Wenner disagreed, and soon Burks was gone and music coverage was increased.

canceled the stories she had been working on, and, with a final touch of vengeance, had her office repainted and moved into it. Months later, he would still refer to her in editorial meetings as "the woman who works for that publication," as if the very mention of her name was too painful to bear.

As the years passed, the atmosphere tightened. Pot smoking, one of the sixties affinities that helped keep the place loose, was officially banned from the premises in 1972, for fear that the magazine's exposés of narcotics agents would bring the law down on them in retaliation. Wenner himself would worry that, somehow, mention of his drug use would make him a prime target for federal agents, or, even worse, damage his standing with advertisers. It was a sharp contrast from the days when he could self-consciously snort a line of coke in front of a reporter from the *Columbia Journalism Review*, then joke that he was taking "snuff."

Wenner, back in those early days of the magazine, was still playing at being editor and publisher. He would do things like fly off to New York, with no particular plan in mind, other than that somehow he was going to sell ads for *Rolling Stone*. On arriving, he would rent a limousine—the same one, he informed his staff, used by the big rock stars—check into a suite in the Stanhope, and begin his rounds of agencies. He was a babe in Gotham, charmingly innocent of such things as readership surveys, demographic break-outs and circulation patterns. What he had was enthusiasm. "Young people read *Rolling Stone*. They *believe* it," he would tell the skeptical account executives. "They buy things like toothpaste like anybody else." A friend who accompanied Wenner on one such expedition later remembered how Wenner's frustration rose as it became increasingly obvious that the ad man across the desk from them wasn't buying. "Finally," he relates, "Jann jumped up and started shooting copies of the magazine across his desk, bang, bang, bang, like paper airplanes, right into the guy's lap. And then the ad man got up and said, 'Get out of here kid until you learn something.'"

With experience—and the aid of several business textbooks he brought to the office—Wenner learned the most important lesson of all: that he couldn't do everything, that there were some things only professionals could do. It was a long, painful process, and before he would have the magazine on sound business footing, he would go through three publishers and literally dozens of ad and circulation people. But, at that moment, he was still very much the kid, and, like a kid, bursting with exuberance. Old-time *Rolling Stone* staffers still remember the calls Jann would make from his trips back to San Francisco to announce that he had met this or that rock star at a party (recognizing this proclivity, the staff gave Wenner a new name: "Starfucker"), or that Ed Kosner, editor of *Newsweek*, had told him that he read *Rolling Stone* (what Kosner actually said, perhaps to bait Wenner, was that his kids read the magazine, and that he sometimes picked it up). On one trip to New York, Wenner discovered that *Time* magazine was about to do a story on groupies, a phenomenon which *Rolling Stone* had brought to youth-culture consciousness, and, in typical *Time* fashion, was neglecting to give *Rolling Stone* due credit. Miffed that his magazine should be so ignored, Wenner thereupon took out a full-page ad in the *New York Times*, proclaiming *Rolling Stone*'s existence to advertisers. When the *Times* appeared, Wenner treated Baron Wolman to a bottle of champagne, and together they proceeded to decorate the walls of the hotel suite with copies of the ad, laughing and giggling all the while.

Meanwhile, back in San Francisco, the magazine was being turned out by a growing staff of professionals, chief among them a former *Newsweek* correspondent named John Burks. Burks and Wenner were fated not to get along. For one thing, Burks, who stood 6'6", towered over Wenner by nearly a foot, which made Wenner, who was very self-conscious about his size, naturally uneasy. Self-assured and ambitious, strong-willed to the point of being bullheaded, Burks had his own vision of what *Rolling Stone* ought to be, and in some crucial details—namely, less emphasis on rock and roll—it differed substantially from Wenner's. He was also older than Jann, and possessed of more journalistic savvy, qualities which, in normal circumstances, would have made him an ideal number two. But the circumstances at *Rolling Stone* were, in the spring of 1970, anything but normal.

To all outward appearances, *Rolling Stone* had never been more prosper-

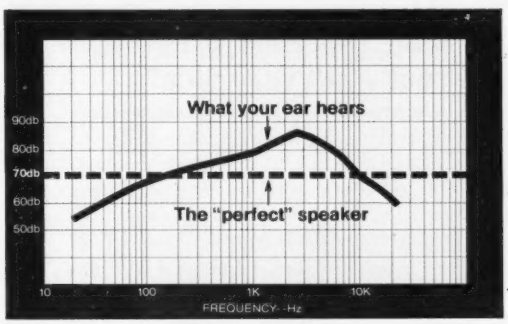
ous. Circulation and ad revenues were at an all time high. Only a year before he had been the subject of an approving profile in *Time*, which reported his success in detail, as well as his philosophy. "We have reversed the priorities," he told *Time*. "We have a good time first and a viable business second."

Rather too much so, as it turned out. Flushed with his success, Wenner had embarked on a course of rapid expansion. The old rent-free loft above the printing press was abandoned in favor of two entire floors in a refurbished factory building at a cost of $6,000 per month. Wenner had a parquet floor installed in his own office, which he proceeded to fill up with expensive furniture, the final bill coming to a reported $15,000. He opened other offices in New York and Los Angeles. As an added fillip, he struck a deal with Jagger to launch a British edition of *Rolling Stone*, headquartered on trendy Hanover Square, then watched in horror as the enterprise rapidly descended into financial and editorial chaos. "Your business practices are appalling," he wrote to the British staff at one point. "Is this some kind of joke? . . . You're a bunch of amateurs and kids [Wenner was then 23] playing at the game of publishing . . . taking a ride on the established reputation of *Rolling Stone* and Mick's bank account . . . . Suspend operations and payroll . . . have a chartered accountant audit the books . . . I hope that Mick and I will have a solution. . . restructuring it from top to bottom. . . ." In the end, the only solution turned out to be to cut the losses and fold the operation.

Meanwhile, other things were going sour. On a stopover in New York on the way home from one of his periodic trips to London, Wenner picked up a copy of *New York Scenes*, a thin weekly best described as a funky version of *New York* magazine. He was immediately attracted, and, almost as immediately, bought it. The magazine lasted only a matter of months, before it too folded at a loss, though not nearly the loss he was to incur publishing *Earth Times*.

Earth Times was Wenner's attempt to cash in on the environmental movement, or, as he termed it, "the ecology fad." From an editorial point of view, the project seemed to make sense. Young people *were*, as Wenner estimated, rapidly becoming involved in the environment; he had a lot of unused space in his new San Francisco offices; and, since *Rolling Stone* published every other week, the off week might be used to turn out a new magazine. That, at least, was the logic behind the project. To convert it to reality, Wenner turned to Stephanie Mills, who had gained national attention the previous spring, when, in her commencement address to her fellow students at Mills College, she vowed not to have children in a world that was environmentally unfit to live in. Mills had no journalistic experience whatsoever, but, after less than half an hour's conversation, Wenner hired her as *Earth Times*' editor. She was given a staff of three and told to turn out a magazine. And, for four issues, she did. *Earth Times*, if gloomy in its outlook, and almost wholly devoid of ads, was attractive to look at, and interesting to read, and, given time, might have evolved into a money-making proposition. As it was, the magazine was losing $40,000 a month, an intolerable drain on Wenner's already depleted resources. When losses passed the $150,000 mark, Wenner killed it, and fired the staff.

By then, it was almost too late. The losses and excesses, all of them directly attributable to Wenner's mismanagement, had brought *Rolling Stone* to the brink of bankruptcy. Memos issued forth ordering that phone calls be held to a minimum, paper conserved and paper clips recycled. Meanwhile, Jann was buying velvet suits and charging them to the company. He was depressed and dis-



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oriented, given to spending long hours in his office, staring out the window, or sobbing for no apparent reason. It was, he recounted, "a real crisis of the spirit. I wasn't sure I wanted to continue."

It was at that moment that the long-simmering discontents of Burks and most of the senior editorial staff of the magazine finally boiled over. The crisis involved personality as much as principle. In the two and a half years since he had joined *Rolling Stone*, Burks had taken virtual command of the magazine. He had professionalized its operations, commissioned meaty reporting on the youth culture and assembled a first-rate staff personally loyal to him. Wenner was away much of the time, sometimes for weeks at a stretch, scurrying around New York and London, in an attempt to put the magazine on a more solid financial footing. That is not, however, how Burks and his colleagues saw it. "The boy publisher," Burks put it bitterly, "was out riding in his limousine."

Burks was especially upset with what he saw as Wenner's coziness with the record industry, notably the increased emphasis Wenner put on music coverage after securing loans from various record companies. "Jann had a rule of thumb," said Burks. "When in doubt, put the Beatles on the cover." From a financial standpoint, there was no arguing with Wenner's logic. The Beatles sold. Politics and pop sociology—which was Burks' special interest—did not.

The tension between music and politics was an old one at *Rolling Stone*. Back in 1968, Wenner had enraged movement activists by denouncing plans then afoot to use rock groups to entice people to the upcoming "Festival of Life" at the Democratic Convention in Chicago. Wenner, in a lead, by-line piece, termed the organizers "A self-appointed coterie of political 'radicals' without a legitimate constituency" and accused them of trying to "exploit" rock and roll with "techniques . . . as old fashioned as those of any city-boss politician. . . ." He concluded: "It looks like a shuck." The clout of *Rolling Stone* was such that Wenner's outburst was enough to derail the Chicago rock concert plans. Later, after the Chicago police had brutalized hundreds of youthful demonstrators (presumably including a good number of *Rolling Stone* readers), Wenner was compelled to put the trial of the Chicago Seven on *Rolling Stone*'s cover. The issue, predictably, bombed.

Wenner could not avoid politics altogether, not when, from a young person's viewpoint, the country was seething with revolution. Rather reluctantly, the April 5, 1969 edition of *Rolling Stone* was given over to coverage of "American Revolution 1969." An accompanying editorial written by Wenner said: "Like it or not, we have reached a point in the social, cultural, intellectual and artistic history of the United States where we [are] all going to be affected by politics. We can no longer ignore it. It threatens our daily lives and our daily happiness . . . . These new politics are about to become a part of our daily lives, and willingly or not, we are in it."

"Willingly or not." That was the key phrase for Jann, and the fact was that, when it came to mixing politics with rock music, he was most unwilling. But, then, in April 1970, the United States invaded Cambodia.

Wenner was on a trip to New York and Chicago at the time. At Kent State, National Guardsmen had just killed four students. The response from Burks and the *Rolling Stone* staff was to put together a special issue entitled "On America 1970: A Pitiful Helpless Giant."

"You've probably heard how awful I am," Wenner said to a reporter once. "That I'm a cheat and a liar and everything else; well, the truth is, I'm really not very nice"

The reporting in that issue, like the events it described, was highly emotional, and Burks and his colleagues were anxious to follow it up with more of the same. They were also determined to settle, once and for all, just who was running the magazine—its absentee owner, or the men who were putting it out. Wenner's loyalists at the magazine alerted him that a coup was in the making, and he hurried back to San Francisco to take command.

Wenner called together the staff and reaffirmed what he saw as *Rolling Stone*'s direction. In a word, it was music. "It was a bizarre meeting," recounts Burks. "Jann was incredibly nervous. He kept chewing on his fingernails. His head was down and he was mumbling, so low you could barely hear him. He kept quoting the line from the Beatles song: 'We gotta get back, get back, get back to where we once belonged.' He must have said it six times." And get back Wenner did. The following year, there was an almost unbroken string of music covers. Politics was, if not forgotten, put safely into cold storage. He also proceeded to get rid of his rivals. Several were fired outright. Others had their paychecks cut down or were shifted to obscure positions. Burks lasted only a few more months, while Wenner, still fearful of him, devised ways to get rid of him. It turned out to be easy. In late June, Princeton University awarded Bob Dylan an honorary degree, an event Wenner deemed worthy of major coverage, and which Burks regarded as a "Random Note" at most. Wenner seized on the incident. "Obviously," he told Burks, "we have rather different ideas of what this magazine ought to be about." "I guess so," Burks agreed, and thereupon tendered his resignation.

Later, Wenner said of the affair: "Everybody got swell-headed. I mean, everybody. They thought they were something other than what they really were and that we were something other than what we really were. It was a money crisis, so we dumped some bad people. It was an overdue housecleaning. The bad people left, and the good ones stayed."

Graciousness was never one of Wenner's hallmarks. The loss of John Burks was not a case of "overdue housecleaning." Burks had, in fact, been responsible for much of *Rolling Stone*'s success. But Jann could never bring himself to make such an admission. When a project failed, or an editor did not work out, invariably it was someone else's fault. Burks and the others were "bad people"; Stephanie Mills "no editor . . . a figurehead"; one former publisher "just a jerk, a complete incompetent"; another "a wild liar," and a third, "a total asshole." He had strings of epithets for almost everyone who left him. They were "children" or "drunks" or "fruitcakes"—boobs and nincompoops all of them, these people who had once worked for him, and, in many cases, called him friend. He knew that what he said would inevitably get back to them—for San Francisco was a small town and people were always talking to one another—and that, in turn, they would despise him and spread tales about him. But it didn't seem to bother him. It was almost as if he rather liked being cast as a monster. "You've probably heard how awful I am," he said to a reporter once. "That I'm a cheat and a liar and everything else; well, the truth is, I'm really not very nice. I can be very mean and unpleasant." And, in many instances, that is precisely how he was. He seemed to take delight, for example, in reneging on promises he had made to writers. Often, as token of his contempt, he would with-

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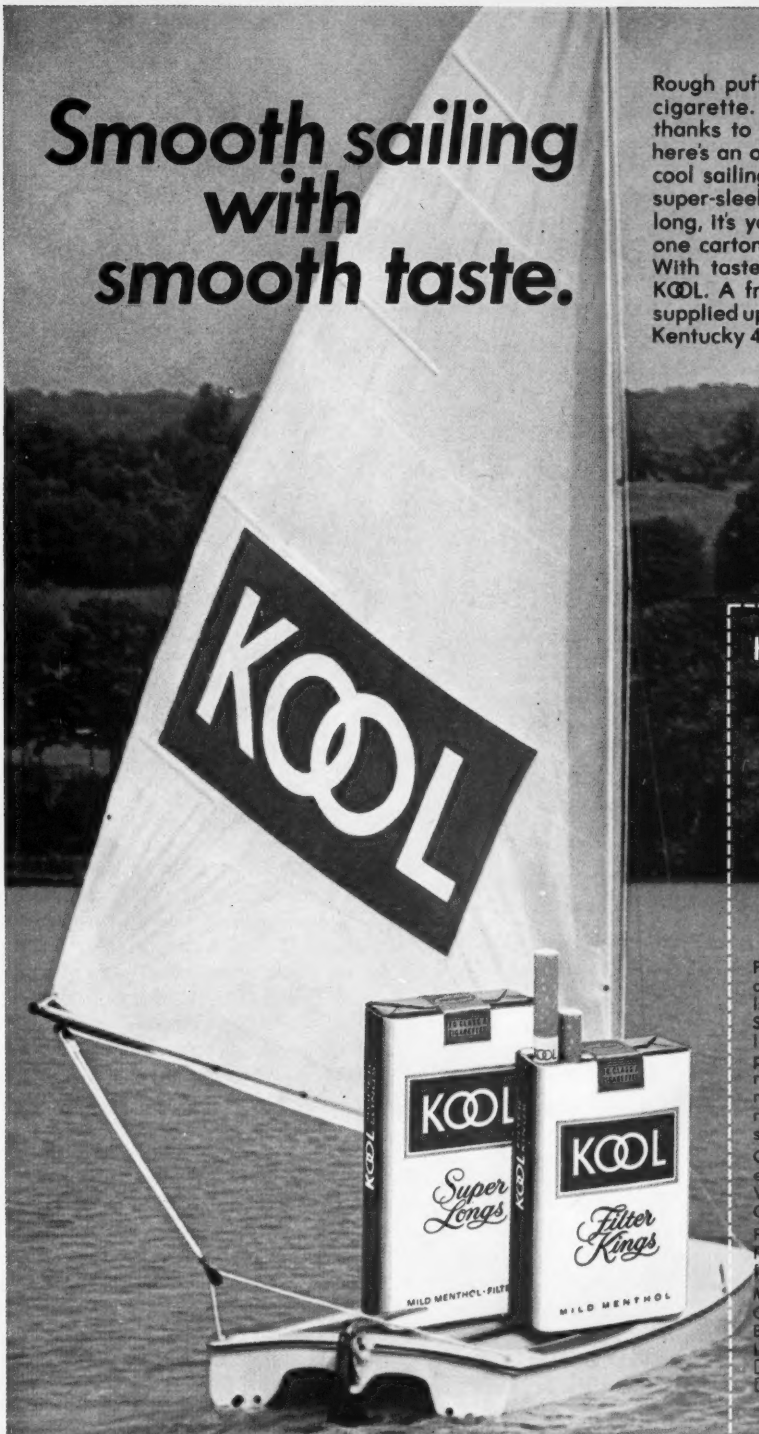

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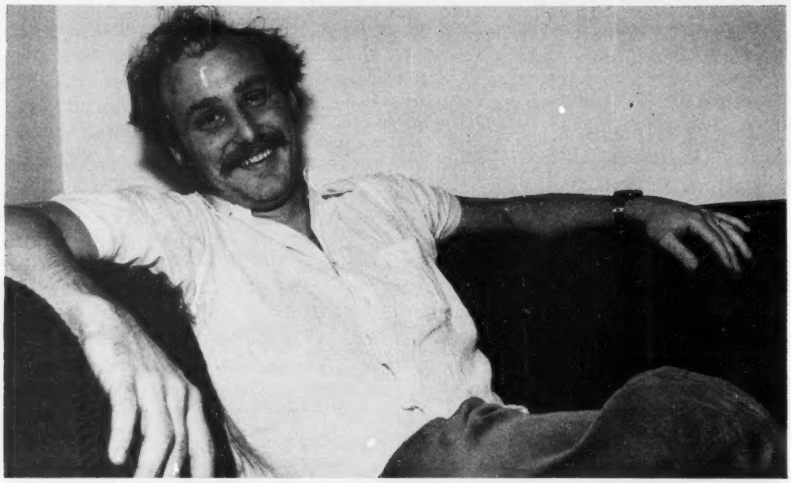


Beyond rock: Wenner's latest project is an outdoors magazine. He has signed on a small staff (one of whom is pictured below) and an editor—none other than William Randolph Hearst's grandson and namesake (top).

hold a symbolic few dollars from a writer's fee. It seemed to be a kind of game with him, his way of demonstrating who was boss, and that being boss, he could behave however he chose. When his enemies, who over the years became legion, began spreading one particularly vicious story about his personal life, Wenner did nothing to counter it. Instead, he laughed it off. When someone asked him why, he smiled and explained: "It only adds to the blackness of my mystique."

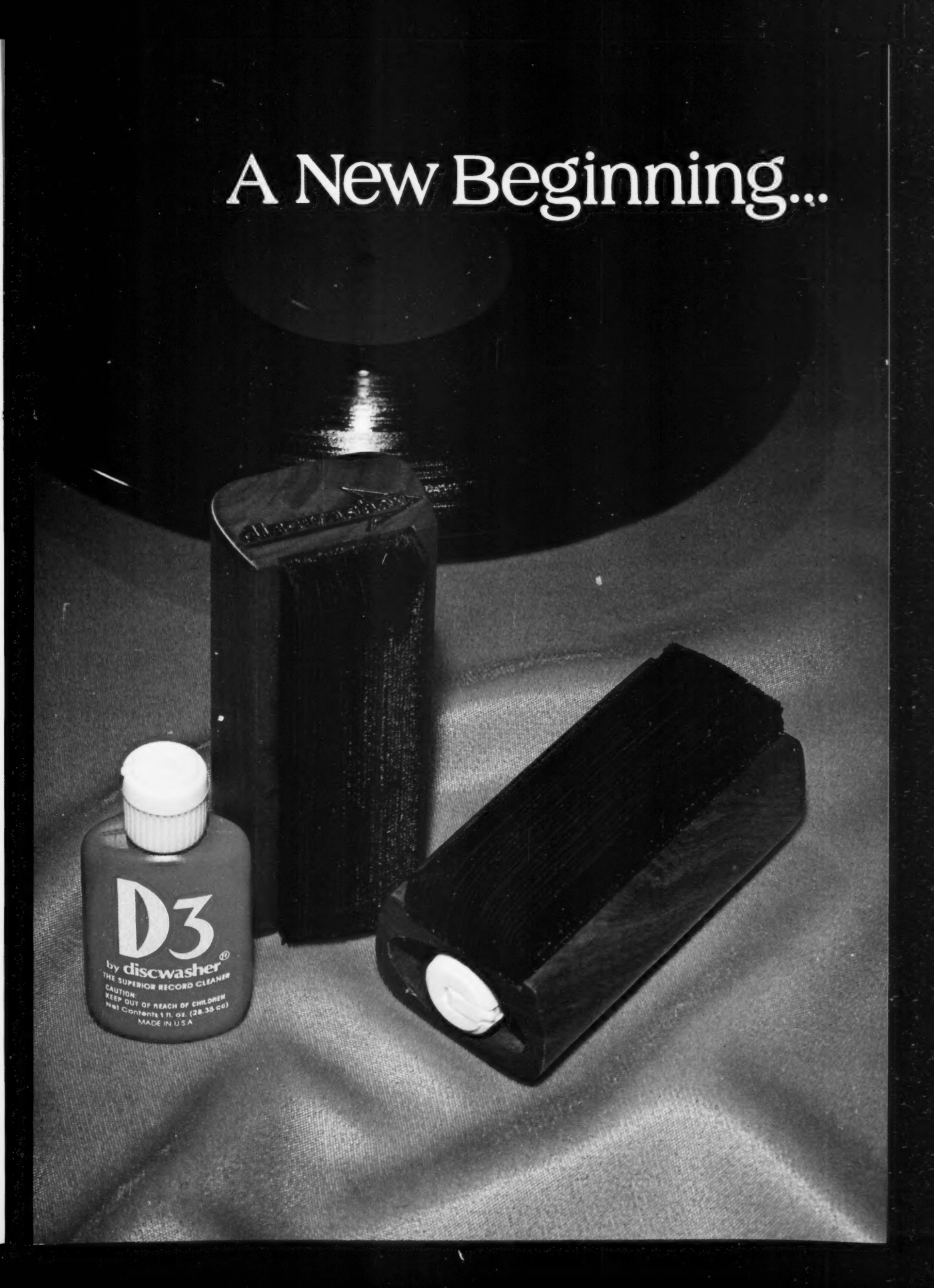
The private Jann Wenner was someone else entirely. He was a person who could arrive at a party stoned, make a fool of himself, then, with tears in his eyes, confide to a friend, "I'm so fucked up, just so fucked up." He was a sentimentalist who could read of tragedy in a newspaper and send off a check to the survivors; the dutiful son who sent flowers to the grandmother in the nursing home; the editor who lent his staff money, paid their rent, sent their kids to school, took care of their hospital bills, and swore them to secrecy when he had, lest his beneficence be taken as some sign of secret weakness. It was this Jann Wenner who, having banished Marianne Partridge from his life, closed the door of his office and began to cry, who would stay up late that night, as one acquaintance reports, "calling all his friends to make sure that there were some people who still liked him." It was this Jann Wenner, who, in one revealing moment, wrote a friend whom he had savaged that day, confessing his "inherent difficulties in being able to handle human relations or even love." The letter was signed: "Your friend, harshest critic and greatest admirer."

Such admissions were always hidden from the public. The rare times he let down his guard, he was quick to bring it back up. The friend, for instance, who received the confessional letter found that thereafter Wenner was distinctly cool to him. Eventually, they fell out altogether, and the friend was consigned to the ranks of assholes. "The problem," says the friend, "was that from the moment I got that letter, Jann knew that I knew he wasn't the bastard he wanted everyone to think of him as, but, in fact, a very vulnerable little kid."

He *was* a kid. Given his success, his youth was easy to forget. The truth was, though, that Wenner's age accounted for much of the way he behaved. "There is," as one longtime editor, who was a number of years Jann's senior, notes sadly, "no way to tell a teenage millionaire that he is wrong." Had Wenner been older, had success come less quickly, his dealings with people might well have been less explosive. He probably would have been more sophisticated, gentler and less driven. And, no doubt, infinitely less interesting.

As it was, Wenner was a reflection of his generation: stubborn, unreasoning, defensive, often childish, forever trying to prove himself. Far more than his critics, Wenner was aware of his failings. He was constantly worrying whether people—especially those who impressed him—liked him, and, if they didn't, devising ways to charm them. He kidded that he was "the world's biggest groupie." "But groupies," notes Wolman, who speaks with authority on the subject, having photographed dozens of them, "grow up and don't need it any more. They don't have to take their identity from rock stars. That didn't happen with Jann." Wenner never lost his wide-eyed wonder over celebrity, not even after he was rich, powerful, and far more important than many of the so-called stars whose favor he so anxiously curried. The first day that writer Tom Wolfe was scheduled to come in the office to talk to him about an assignment, Wenner spent the morning straightening furniture, emptying ashtrays, cleaning, polishing, making certain everything was just so, in hopes that Wolfe would be impressed. When Wolfe finally arrived, Wenner proudly escorted him around the office, introducing the writer to his editors as "my *friend*, Tom Wolfe." Another time, when William F. Buckley wrote him an excoriating letter, lashing him as only William F. Buckley could, Wenner left the letter out in plain view, where others would be sure to see it. It didn't matter that, however elegantly, Buckley had called him every name in the book. What counted was that William F. Buckley had personally written *him*.

The celebrity-chasing derived, in part, from Wenner's natural "fan" instincts. "*Rolling Stone*," says one former editor, "was Jann's vehicle for meeting his gods." In part, too, it was searching for acceptance. "Jann," says former associate editor John Lombardi, "was one of those guys with his nose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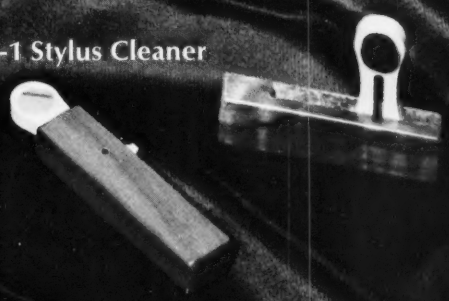

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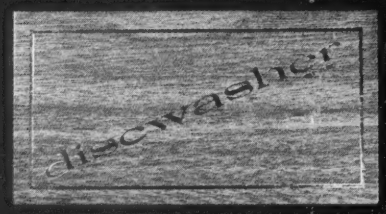

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pressed to the window. He was always an outsider." In large measure the problem was Wenner's own insecurity. He was, at bottom, painfully shy, and there were times when he seemed to regard simply being Jann Wenner, the editor of *Rolling Stone*, an almost unbearable burden. A friend remembers starting to introduce Wenner to some guests at a party. Before he could do so, Jann stuck out his hand, and said, "Hello, I'm Baron Wolman." He had done the same thing at Berkeley, where he wrote under the Dylanesque pen name "Mr. Jones," and then to complete the disguise, had his picture altered to include long hair, a mustache, and a full beard. At his own parties, Jann would often disappear midway through the evening. The explanation Janie would give guests was that Jann was exhausted, and had gone upstairs to sleep. Only his closest friends would know that, in fact, he had gone to his room because he could no longer cope, and had to be alone.

Jann had never been able to make friends easily, and knowing the fate that befell those who became his friend, many of the people who worked for him, and genuinely cared for him, made it a point not to come too close. Even in high school, he had been a loner. "While the rest of us were listening to the Beach Boys," says Sheila Sonenshine, one of his few friends in prep school, "Jann was going out to watch Fellini." Going to prep school itself had been estranging, for, as Jann himself later put it, "the school was the ultimate Waspisha academy," and Wenner, of course, was Jewish. Not much of a Jew—he had not been bar mitzvahed, and the ceremonies of the Seder Supper discomforted him—and that itself was the trouble. Sometimes, in discussing a business deal, he would say, rather sheepishly, "Can we, if you pardon the expression, 'Jew him down?'"

The fact that he was not well-educated—and that people might think badly of him for it as a result—bothered him as well. So, too, that he infrequently read books—a supposed shortcoming he attempted to hide by lining the walls of his living room with fresh volumes, apparently unopened. He deemed himself inarticulate, so, when possible, he avoided encounters with the press, and when trapped, would insist on a written transcript of the interview, which he proceeded to cleanse of all grammatical errors, slips and obscenities, not to mention "you know's" and "blah, blah, blahs." Some things he could not alter: his height, for one. Wenner was sensitive on the subject, and delighted when he encountered famous personages as short as he. Thus, after he met Norman Mailer, he wrote to a friend: "And, you know, he's exactly my height!" Meeting Mailer must have provided special relief, since, like Wenner, Mailer was also pudgy. Wenner periodically attempted to remedy this condition through various wonder diets, at one point even spending a week at a Mexican fat farm, a fact he determinedly tried to conceal, only to have it reported in Herb Caen's gossip column.

Everything paled, though, to the unease he felt about the things most important to him: *Rolling Stone*. After Burks, he never again hired a strong managing editor, or anyone who might conceivably pose a threat to his dominance of the magazine. Burks' replacement, for instance, was Jon Carroll, a bright, highly-talented editor who would later go on to senior editorial positions at *Oui* and *New West*. He functioned as managing editor exactly two weeks. His desk was then shifted to an out-of-the-way corner of the office, and his duties spread out among other members of the staff. As Wenner explained to one of his editors, "That son of a bitch scares me." There was no cause for alarm from the next managing editor, a low-key, easy-going former reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* named Paul Scanlon. Scanlon was never vested with the authority that had been Burks', nor did he seem to want it. He lasted nearly three years. Scanlon was not fired, merely demoted (Wenner, typically, could not bring himself to tell Scanlon he was being shifted, and Scanlon discovered that the move was in the works only when his replacement was about to arrive). His place was taken by John Walsh, the sports editor for *Newsday*. Walsh, an albino, suffered from poor eyesight, and the joke in the office had it that Wenner was so insecure "he had to hire a blind man to be managing editor." Walsh, who was out of his depth in *Rolling Stone*'s turbulent waters, was fired within a year. After that, Wenner dispensed with the title of managing editor entirely.

"Jann," explains a former editor—one of the few to remain his friend—"has never gotten over the suspicion that maybe he just lucked into his success, just happened to be the right man at the right time with exactly the right idea. And that everything just worked, not because of what he did, but because of the times we were in. That's why he never stops pushing. It's something that happens to a lot of guys who find success at an early age. Okay, you've made it once—so what's your

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next trick? That's the question that keeps staring Jann in the face."

He would, through the years, try many solutions. *Earth Times, New York Scenes*, foreign editions of the magazine, a book publishing company—all of them were attempts to duplicate his initial success. And all of them failures. He yearned to break out, to become not merely the editor of one highly-successful magazine, but a mogul: a Hearst, another Luce, to truly be, as his friends sometimes called him, "Citizen Wenner."

Jann encouraged the comparisons, especially the last one. Superficially, there were several striking similarities between the two men. Both began in San Francisco and eventually transferred their operations to New York. Both saw themselves as political kingmakers, Wenner's career beginning in 1974, with the backing of William Emery Roth, the shipping heir who was trounced in the California gubernatorial primary by Jerry Brown. (The loss was particularly disappointing to Wenner, who had succeeded in ousting Roth's campaign manager and expected, after Roth's election, to be appointed to the Board of Regents of the University of California.) Of course, there were important differences, too. Wenner himself, after reading Hearst's biography, admitted that "Mr. Hearst was a much nicer man than I am."

That did not prevent Wenner from striking a close friendship with Mr. Hearst's grandson, William Randolph Hearst III, then an editor at the *San Francisco Examiner*. Wenner and Hearst, who bears an uncanny resemblance to his grandfather, spent a couple of weekends at San Simeon, the Hearst family estate. On their first visit, Hearst recalls, Jann was chagrined to find that the local general store did not carry *Rolling Stone*. The situation was remedied a few days later, after a memo from Wenner instructed the circulation department never to neglect San Simeon again. During one of their weekend trips to San Simeon, Wenner talked with Hearst about ideas for magazines, and Hearst mentioned young people's growing interest in the outdoors. Wenner listened, seemingly unimpressed. Within the year, though, he announced plans to start a monthly called *Outside*, which his editors described as "a kind of hippie *Field and Stream*." The first issue of the new magazine is scheduled to appear this spring. The managing editor, to no one's particular surprise, will be William Randolph Hearst III.

Wenner liked to surround himself with important, interesting people. People who had done things, who had made money, whose expertise he could use. They seldom lasted long. He would collect and discard them like a string of bright baubles. Dylan, who had been his idol, was eventually written off as a sycophant. Jagger, with whom he had gone into business, was someone whom he could destroy. Even John Lennon, who perhaps fascinated him more than anyone (Wenner once speculated that homosexuality might be the source of Lennon and McCartney's brilliant collaboration), became an enemy, after Wenner, without Lennon's permission, converted his famous interview with the former Beatle into a best-selling, and, for *Rolling Stone*, highly profitable book.

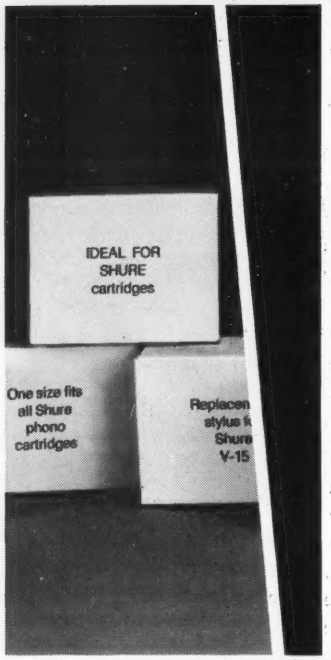
And then there was Max Palevsky.

Palevsky's stardom sprang from a different source: business. A former $100-a-month instructor at UCLA, Palevsky had parlayed a fascination with electronics and symbolic logic into a computer company called Scientific Data Systems. The original capitalization for S.D.S. was $20,000. When Palevsky sold it to Xerox eight years later, the price tag was $910 million. Palevsky, who owned 10 percent of S.D.S.'s stock, thereupon became the largest single stockholder in Xerox, with personal assets reckoned at nearly $100 million. But business bored him. He was bald, middle-aged and restless, anxious for a taste of what was happening. In 1972, he was just the sort of man Jann Wenner was looking for. *Rolling Stone* was still on the financial ropes. Wenner needed help. And thus the relationship was born, sealed not with a kiss, but a check for $200,000.

Ironically, by the time Wenner cashed the check, he no longer needed Palevsky's money. The record companies had already come to his rescue. What he did need, though, was Palevsky's experience. Max was accordingly installed as chairman of *Rolling Stone*'s board, a position from which he was supposed to direct the magazine's financial affairs. He was horrified by what he found. "It was," as he puts it, "an utter mess." There were, in the accepted sense of the word, no business practices whatsoever. "All they knew," says Palevsky, "was that periodically they ran out of money, and that concerned them." Palevsky set about cleaning the mess up. He drew up a budget, brought in different accountants, switched distributors, called on advertisers, and everything else required to, as he later phrased it, "end the craziness."

Wenner was not as crazy as Palevsky thought. While Palevsky installed controls and created systems, Wenner went after costs with a meat axe. His motive was simple. The deal he had made in return for Palevsky's $200,000 called for Palevsky to receive a set percentage of stock, and, in addition, more stock based on the company's performance. The arrangement put the burden squarely on Wenner's shoulders: the more money the company made, the less stock Palevsky got. With such incentive, Wenner staged a remarkable recovery. Profits for the year 1973 were $430,000, compared to $41,000 the year before. Palevsky wound up with slightly more than 7 percent of the outstanding stock.

Being outmaneuvered did not bother Palevsky. He had not come to *Rolling Stone* to make money. He wanted, like everyone involved in the magazine, to have some fun, and, while his friendship with Wenner lasted, fun he had. They'd often spend weekends at Palevsky's vacation home in Palm Springs—Max, Jann, Hunter Thompson, Alan Rinzler, a New York publishing wizard who had been brought in to head the book division, and, occasionally some members of the staff. They'd talk business for a while—Palevsky arguing that *Rolling Stone* should do more to capitalize on its success, perhaps with a television show, a record company or various franchise deals—drink Tequila, take snoutfuls of nitrous oxide (laughing gas), and end up out at the swimming pool, basking in the sun and letting the world go by, convinced that life could not be sweeter. Palevsky was enjoying the role of a hip capitalist. He started wearing a toupee, divorced his wife, and salted his conversation with expressions like "heavy" and "far out." He had a "mojo wire" (an electronic telecopier) installed in his Palm Springs digs so that he could keep in direct touch with the San Francisco office, and, when Hunter expressed wonder in the machine, provided one for him,as well.Some editors quietly grumbled about Palevsky's growing role in the magazine, worrying that his presence would inevitably disrupt the *Rolling Stone* "family." Already, there was a straight business staff, and they had even begun wearing ties. (The order for the business staff to improve their sartorial image, interestingly enough, came not from Palevsky, but Wenner.) Once, after Wenner invited some of the New York staff up to Palevsky's suite in the Sherry-Netherland to meet their benefactor, a secretary said, *sotto voce*, "If he's the establishment, no wonder



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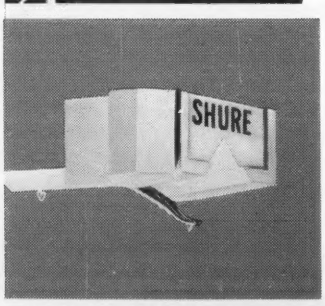

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the country is so fucked up." She was fired within the week. One didn't say such things about Max. Not when he was one of the family.

But there was trouble brewing. Palevsky was used to people taking his advice, following his orders. Wenner didn't. Jann would listen to Palevsky's complaints—that the magazine was schizoid; that politics and music were fundamentally contradictory; that they had to expand or else wake up one morning to find that young people had suddenly lost interest in rock music, on and on—and he would nod and feign agreement, even promise action. And then nothing would happen. Palevsky was powerless. So long as Wenner controlled the company he would remain the absolute authority in all matters financial and editorial. Palevsky wanted Wenner to choose one or the other: either be publisher or editor, but not both. He also wanted the chance to buy a significant amount of additional stock, and, most importantly, for Jann to put his own stock in a voting trust; in effect, relinquish operational control of the company. Wenner refused. With that, Palevsky resigned. "I could have fought him," he said later, "but it would have required open warfare, and I didn't need that. I got in to have fun, not to have problems. Jann just couldn't deal with me. He has a compulsion to always kill his father. Anyone threatening, he doesn't want them around."

It was a pattern with Wenner, one that had occurred before, and would recur again. It had happened with Porter Bibb, who had been the magazine's first publisher. A former publisher of *Newsweek International*, and producer of *Gimme Shelter*, Bibb joined *Rolling Stone* in 1971, lured by stock options and a promise from Wenner that he would soon list the magazine on the stock market, an event which Bibb figured might leave him a millionaire. Bibb had previously been warned that Wenner was shifty, and to be sure that all promises were committed to paper. Bibb, however, came to work without a contract, only an assurance from Wenner that one would be drawn up within weeks. The weeks stretched into months, and, in the meantime, Bibb, after going through the magazine's files, discovered that very little was ever put on paper. Finally, Bibb set a deadline for Wenner to sign a contract. The deadline expired, and Bibb resigned. His last day at the office, he and Wenner went out, and, in Bibb's words, "got drunk together. It was a very emotional moment for each of us. We even cried. By that time, I had come to think of him as a brother." Wenner quickly recovered his composure. Within the week, he posted a notice in the office, announcing that Porter Bibb was no longer welcome on the premises.

Where money was involved—or power—the "bad" Jann Wenner always took over. He jealously guarded the exact amount of his own salary (currently, estimated at $100,000), which he supplemented, according to his business associates, by taking many of his living expenses—including his clothes, car and some of the furnishings for his home—out of company funds. The account on which he drew was labeled, with a touch of unintended humor, "Authors Unknown." What made the practice particularly objectionable was Wenner's timing. Even as secretaries were being fired, and editors ordered to recycle paper clips, Jann was purchasing good art in the five-figure range.

No one could stop him. (Palevsky once tried, writing the business department that no extraordinary expenses for Wenner were to be allowed without his approval; the note was framed and hung in the office as a kind of quiet joke.) Some of Wenner's friends suspected that he was even incapable of stopping himself. "He didn't want to do things that would make people hate him," says Rinzler. "Jann was just like anybody else: he wanted people to like him. He just didn't know how. It was as if there was a piece of him missing, as if the control mechanisms were gone. I remember once the two of us stopped in at a rack jobbers. As a friendly gesture, he told Jann to pick out any tapes he wanted, that he could have them for free. It was like letting a kid loose in a candy store. He literally went running up and down the aisles, grabbing tapes, until his arms were overflowing. There was no reason for it. He can have all the tapes he wants. But it was as if he couldn't control his appetites. They just overwhelmed him. That's why he was always doing hateful things and always apologizing later. He couldn't help it. The poor kid. You couldn't help but feel sorry for him."

Rather than sorrow, though, most people felt a kind of awe. Wenner and his magazine were becoming an increasingly powerful force. By 1972, just five years after its birth, *Rolling Stone* commanded an audience of a million readers. Now rock stars were insisting that an ad campaign in *Rolling Stone* be written in as part of their contract. And for good reason. A favorable mention in *Rolling Stone* could help launch a career. Singer Johnny Winter was a comparative nobody until *Rolling Stone* noticed him.

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The week after the magazine gave him a favorable review, he signed a recording contract for $60,000. "We got to a point," remembers Bibb, "where we didn't really have to call on advertisers. The record companies were lining up, pounding on the door to give us ads."

It all added up to money and power. Peace and love had effectively been merchandized into a billion-dollar-a-year industry. Haight-Ashbury was now a slum. Instead of free concerts in the park, performers played the Fillmore and asked for $50,000 a night. The Beatles were gone, and would never be coming back. Janis was dead (when a secretary told Wenner the news, his reaction was immediate: "Cancel her subscription"; the secretary burst into tears), and so was Jimi. The times, they were a changin'.

If there was a single turning point, it was the Rolling Stones free concert at Altamont Raceway, outside San Francisco, on December 6, 1969. By the end of that cold, bitter, rainy day, four young people were dead—one of them knifed to death by a Hell's Angel directly in front of Jagger and the Stones—and scores of others had been left dazed and bleeding. The bad drug trips numbered in the hundreds. The real violence done, though, was to the rock myth, the notion that listening to the music somehow protected young people from the realities of the world.

The truth was, and always had been, that the culture that *Rolling Stone* deified and helped create, was as venal and vicious as any other. *Rolling Stone*, with rare exceptions, had ignored rock's darker side: the hypes and con men and shysters who were part of the business. So long as the music played, there could be no wrong. Everything could be excused—the exploitation of "chicks," the throwing of television sets through windows, the mainlining and mind-fucking—when the gods of rock were involved. Just so they kept rocking. Only now, the reality could not be ignored, not when it was killing people. "It was probably the worst day of my life," remembers Greil Marcus, who was covering for *Rolling Stone*. "It was the ugliest, most depressing situation I had ever been involved in. For the next three years, there was not a single day when I did not think about Altamont. I stopped listening to music for a long time. I didn't want anything around me that reminded me of Altamont."

Ironically, Wenner had played a minor role in setting up the concert. When the Stones were evicted from Golden Gate Park, the original concert site, Wenner put them in touch with friends who eventually secured the raceway. Wenner himself had been planning to attend the concert, and had chartered a helicopter to transport him there. But, at the last moment, a hitch developed in the plans, and Wenner decided not to go. It was almost as if the same uncanny instincts that had served him so well during the sixties were warning him now that trouble was ahead.

Rolling Stone, however, was well covered. Burks, who had been at the concert, immediately summoned the staff and commissioned a special issue on what he was calling "the Altamont horror show." At first, Wenner resisted. Most of the early press accounts, which Wenner had read, had referred to Altamont as "the second Woodstock." If that was good enough for the *New York Times*, it was good enough for Wenner. But, at length, Burks prevailed. The resulting issue—"Let It Bleed" the headline read—contained the first eyewitness account of the Angel murder ("There was a big hole on his side and there was a big hole in his temple . . . and there was a big hole where there's no ribs on his back . . . all of us were drenched in blood"), and came down heavily on the organizers of the concert.

"Jann," explains a friend, "has never gotten over the suspicion that maybe he just lucked into his success . . . that everything worked, not because of what he did, but because of the times we were in"

Altamont, the death of youth culture, was the birth of *Rolling Stone*'s new respectability with the straight press. On the basis of its coverage of Altamont and the Manson family, *Rolling Stone* received the prestigious National Magazine Award for Specialized Journalism in 1971. The accompanying citation congratulated the magazine for presenting "material that challenged the shared attitudes of many of its readers." What Columbia University didn't know was that the magazine's editor was most reluctant to challenge those attitudes, and that, in the case of the Manson family, one of the reporters, David Dalton, came away from meeting Manson most impressed with his Messianic vision.

Nonetheless, the praise veritably rained down on Wenner. "The young publishing genius," *Parade* called him. "It has spoken for—and to—an entire generation of young Americans," added the *Columbia Journalism Review*. As *Time* summed it up: "*Stone* has become solvent and earned the trade's respect." The *Los Angeles Times* was even more fulsome in its accolade: "*Rolling Stone* is the only intelligent voice speaking naturally and easily to an audience which has so far been identified principally by its tendency to buy rock and roll records. . . . Wenner finds himself in charge of a unique and valuable medium."

Wenner confirmed the magazine's growing legitimacy in an editorial letter on *Rolling Stone*'s fourth anniversary: "Woodstock Nation never existed. . . . Free is a complete myth. If you're doing public art and communication in America—if you even *live* here—you're dealing with money, and you're in business. . . . As long as there are printing bills to pay, writers who want to earn a living by their craft, people who pay for their groceries, want to raise children and have their own homes, *Rolling Stone* will be a capitalist operation. . . . Rock and roll obviously will not 'save the world,' nor is it for everybody 'the music that will set you free.' The notion of a coherent counter culture is another myth."

The editorial amounted to a complete repudiation of sixties philosophy. Forget about peace and love; make money, get ahead; act, in short, like a grown-up. It was what Wenner had always believed, even in the depths of the youth culture. Now he was merely proclaiming it. *Rolling Stone* had to move on, not gather moss, keep up with the times, become as realistic as the seventies. Politics, Wenner decreed, would be the rock and roll of the coming decade. If the magic kept working, the possibilities were limitless. To Palevsky, he talked about being president one day. Hearst had tried. Why not he?

A friend remembers being with Wenner late one night, the two of them stoned, sitting in the darkness of Jann's San Francisco mansion, while *Citizen Kane* flickered across the giant screen of the Advent TV system. Jann watched the image of Charles Foster Kane, seemingly transfixed, his eyes growing wider and wider and wider. ●

In the next issue, Part Two: Fear and Loathing with Hunter Thompson; Citizen Wenner goes to Washington on the trail of Patty Hearst; and, of course, some Random Notes.

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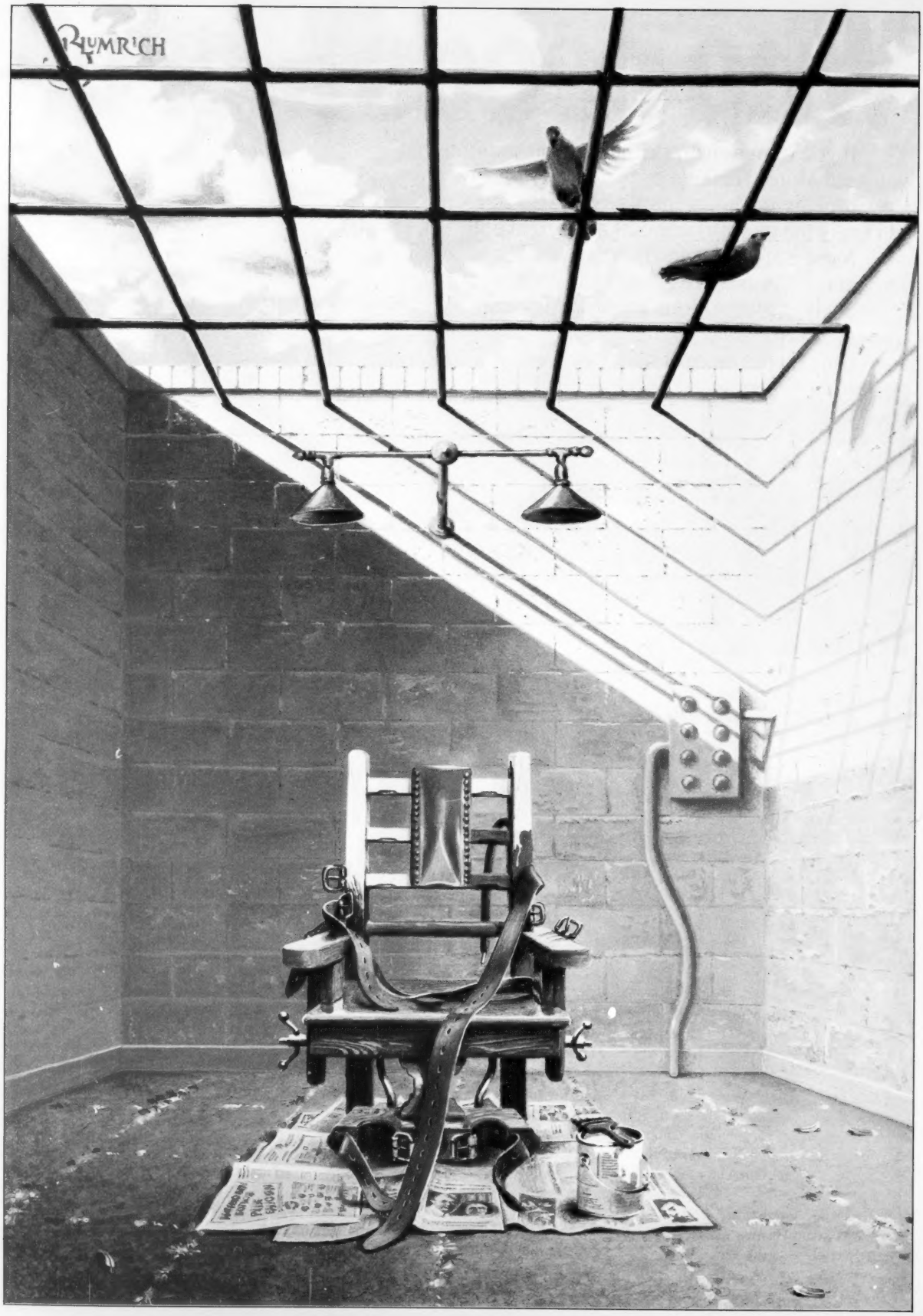
RUMRICH

DEATH WATCH IN GEORGIA

BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT

The crude wooden chair in Georgia's Reidsville state prison has been gathering dust for many years. But now, following the Supreme Court's capital punishment decision, the officials and 34 inmates— including the men convicted of the Alday slayings— are preparing for the executions

When Bud Alday gets off work from the paper mill he has to pass the family farm on his way home, and "before the tragedy"—which is how time is now divided in Seminole County, Georgia—it was a dawdling country drive, with a tap on the horn to the men in the fields and a courtesy nod to the ladies on their porches. There is a saying in Seminole County that if you're not a Johnson or an Alday then you're married to one, and the bonds of kinship are such that a speeding Bud Alday in a hurry to get home would be regarded as an offense to the neighborhood.

The history of the Alday family in Seminole County is much like that of other pioneer agrarian families in Georgia—very much like the Carter family of Plains, which lives 75 miles to the north. The Aldays were severe, stout, yeoman stock, God-fearers who organized the Spring Creek Baptist Church in 1861 and furnished it with generations of thick-bodied, upright country deacons. At one time the Aldays owned the entire lower part of the county, but like most of his neighbors, Joe Alday was ruined by the Depression; he lost his farm and died poor. His nine children scratched back. Bud went to work at the paper mill, while his older brothers Ned and Aubrey returned to farming, eventually acquiring 525 acres of bottom land along Old River Road which they planted in corn and peanuts. Aubrey was the politician in the family—he served eight years on the County Commission—but Ned was the patriarch, a tough old bean, crippled by arthritis, the father of nine and the grandfather of seven. Ned's three oldest sons, Jerry, Chester and Jimmy, worked the land with him, and they were still in the fields when Bud Alday got off work on May 14, 1973. After work they would convene as they did every night at Jerry Alday's two-bedroom trailer home to go over plans for the next day's work. Jerry's wife had gone to the store to pick up some milk and meat for dinner.

At five o'clock Bud was nodding and waving his way home along Old River Road, poking along, when he passed his nephew Jimmy coming in from the fields on a John Deere tractor. Bud and Jimmy slowed and chatted over the clatter of the tractor motor, and if the tractor hadn't made such a racket they might have heard the shots coming from Jerry Alday's trailer signaling that the tragedy had begun. "I asked him if he was still going fishing and he said yeah," Bud later testified. He recalled seeing a "dark-colored car" parked beside the trailer but he gave it no thought. Jimmy waved off and drove on to the trailer, and Bud continued down the road, passing Ned's big house and then his brother Aubrey and his nephew Chester coming out of Otis Miller's place in a pickup truck. Bud slowed and confirmed the fishing date for six that evening and drove on home. An hour later, when no one appeared with rods and bait, Bud and his wife went on. They didn't give it another thought. Clues that would alert city dwellers, who have absorbed the anonymous madness of the times, simply didn't register in the kindred society of Seminole County before May 14, 1973. Bud was asleep at 2:15 the next morning when Ned's wife called. Ned's not home, she said. Bud and four younger Aldays went to the trailer. Bud opened the door. "The first thing I saw was a can of beer," Bud testified. "It was the first I know of that ever been in the trailer because don't none of our family drink." Then he noticed a pair of women's panties on the floor near the door. The next thing he saw was "legs, hanging off the bed." Bud closed the door and called the sheriff.

Sheriff Dan White arrived at the trailer at 2:45. The first body he found was Jimmy Alday, reposed on the settee in the front room. Aubrey and Jerry lay on the bed in one bedroom and Ned and Chester in the other. All had been shot in the head; Ned was shot seven times above the right ear. Mary Alday, Jerry's petite 25-year-old wife, was missing, and so was her car. She was found later that day, around noon, naked, face down in a patch of woods, dead. A dark green Chevrolet bearing Pennsylvania plates was parked nearby. Mary had been beaten, raped repeatedly

and sodomized. Paul Molsey, the coroner in Seminole County for 20 years, whose father had been coroner for 24 years before him, called it the worst crime in the county's history. "Things like this just don't happen here," he said. "These are things that you read about that happen in places like Chicago."

Over 2,500 people attended the burial at the Spring Creek Baptist Church, and more than 200 were directly related to the Aldays. The network news cameramen and wire-service photographers who had flown in to film the "thousand-square foot blanket of flowers draped over the six open graves" were met at the road by grim-faced countrymen who firmly enforced the Aldays' wish that their grief not be made a matter of national display. One of the many friends who stood in the churchyard was Lillian Carter, mother of the governor of Georgia. One who didn't was the mother of Mary Alday, who collapsed when told what was done to her daughter, and died the day Mary was buried.

Governor Carter dispatched two special agents to aid the investigation. There were fingerprints on the beer cans. The green car belonged to a 19-year-old high school student named Richard Miller, and authorities in Pennsylvania feared he had been kidnapped and his car stolen by escaped convicts from Maryland. Troopers in Alabama found Mary Alday's car abandoned near Livingston, and a cache of weapons scattered nearby. Inside the car they found the high school jacket of Richard Miller, and from the stench in the trunk they expected to find his body; instead—spoiled meat, and Mary Alday's groceries. (Miller's body was found weeks later, in a forest near the Maryland border.) Another car had been stolen two miles from the Alday car, and an alert went out all over the country for a 1972 Chevrolet Caprice with Alabama tags. The car was first spotted in Virginia, after a convenience-store holdup, and then in West Virginia where state police chased it down. One of the suspects, the only black man in the group, surrendered at the roadside, but the other three fled into the wooded hills. All night long police trailed the suspects with a bloodhound, and at dawn they found them sleeping under a rock overhang in the coalfields, so exhausted they didn't hear the barking of the hound. They surrendered at the first spray of machine-gun fire at the face of the cliff. The Aldays were five days dead.

On the day the suspects were returned to Seminole County people filled the street in front of the Donalsonville court house. Forty state troopers cleared a corridor to the courthouse steps. There had been some question whether the suspects could get a fair trial in Seminole County—or even a trial at all after some of the statements that were made. "If I had my way about it, I would have me a large oven and I'd pre-cook them several days," Sheriff White proposed. But the lynch talk died out because of the insistent opposition of the Alday family. "I must have talked myself blue in the face," Bud Alday recalled after the trials concluded, "telling them we had to give the wheels of law a chance to work, how if we didn't have order we'd have anarchy." And so, the crowd simply watched as beefy marshalls rushed the suspects into the courthouse. Red-haired Wayne Coleman was first, and it was a shock to the big farmers to see him so puny, his body adolescent but his face wolfish, prison pale, and horribly wizened for a man of 26. His arms were inscribed with garish tattoos like painted ivory candlesticks. Coleman had been

"It will be like an abattoir," says the corrections commissioner. "What the public is asking the prison official to do is commit premeditated murder"

serving time for armed robbery at the Poplar Hill Correctional Camp near Salisbury, Maryland, before he escaped with his half-brother Carl Isaacs. Isaacs was next: 19, long-haired, surly, brown features, with extravagant dark eyelashes; except for a sparse moustache he seemed girlish and weakly pretty. Before his escape Carl Isaacs had been imprisoned for burglary. The third figure was 15-year-old Billy Isaacs, their younger brother, too young to have been in prison. Little Billy took after both brothers in his way, with Wayne's red hair and Carl's long lashes which on him looked black and false. Finally came the incongruous black man, the shortest one, 35 years old, with a tightly-curled beard and thick glasses that buried his eyes altogether. Before he escaped with Wayne Coleman and Carl Isaacs, George Dungee had been serving an 18-month sentence for non-support of an illegitimate child. The crowd watched the suspects disappear into the courthouse. "Queers," someone suggested.

The local attorneys appointed for the defense were loath to take the job. One of them, State Senator Julian Webb, who was selected to defend Carl Isaacs, begged off because he owned land next to the Aldays and he had been the principal sponsor of the revised Georgia death penalty law, which Governor Carter had signed two months before the killings in Seminole County. Webb's place was taken by Bobby Hill, the black state legislator from Savannah, who in 1972 argued one of the cases before the U.S. Supreme Court which overturned the old Georgia law on capital punishment (and by extension, all state laws) on grounds that the death penalty was applied in an arbitrary and discriminatory manner. Since 1972, Georgia and 33 other states had framed new state laws which were yet to be argued in the high court, and it looked as if one of the Coleman-Isaacs-Dungee trials might be a test case.

The prosecution had no trouble gaining convictions. Billy Isaacs turned State's evidence and explained that the four men had simply been caught in the act of robbing the trailer at the very time the Aldays began coming in from the fields. As the Aldays returned, singly and in pairs, they were shot by Wayne Coleman and Carl Isaacs, all except Mary, who was raped in the trailer and again in the woods, then shot by George Dungee. All three men were sentenced to death. Billy Isaacs stood trial in Georgia for armed robbery and Maryland for the second-degree murder of Richard Miller and got 100 years.

Death Row in the state prison in Reidsville, Georgia, is on the fourth floor. One flight up on the padded elevator to the fifth floor Cap'n Delmas Durden shows a reporter the grim fixture of death, which is not, as he imagined, a chilly steel appliance with black leather straps but a crude wooden throne built of two-by-fours and slapped up with a thick coat of white enamel. The room is intimate; the switches are hidden behind a white wooden screen; and the wood and the whiteness recall a well-kept men's room at a country filling station.

Cap'n Durden escorts his guest through the "last mile," a short walk which begins in Cell 3 behind the elevator and leads to a white vestibule, which is roofless but barred across the top, a refuge for pigeons, whose tailfeathers and pale droppings litter the floor. From this perspective the condemned man can stare at "heaven" and gather his final thoughts. The Cap'n opened the final door and the chair stood 15 feet away.

Cap'n Durden has led many men

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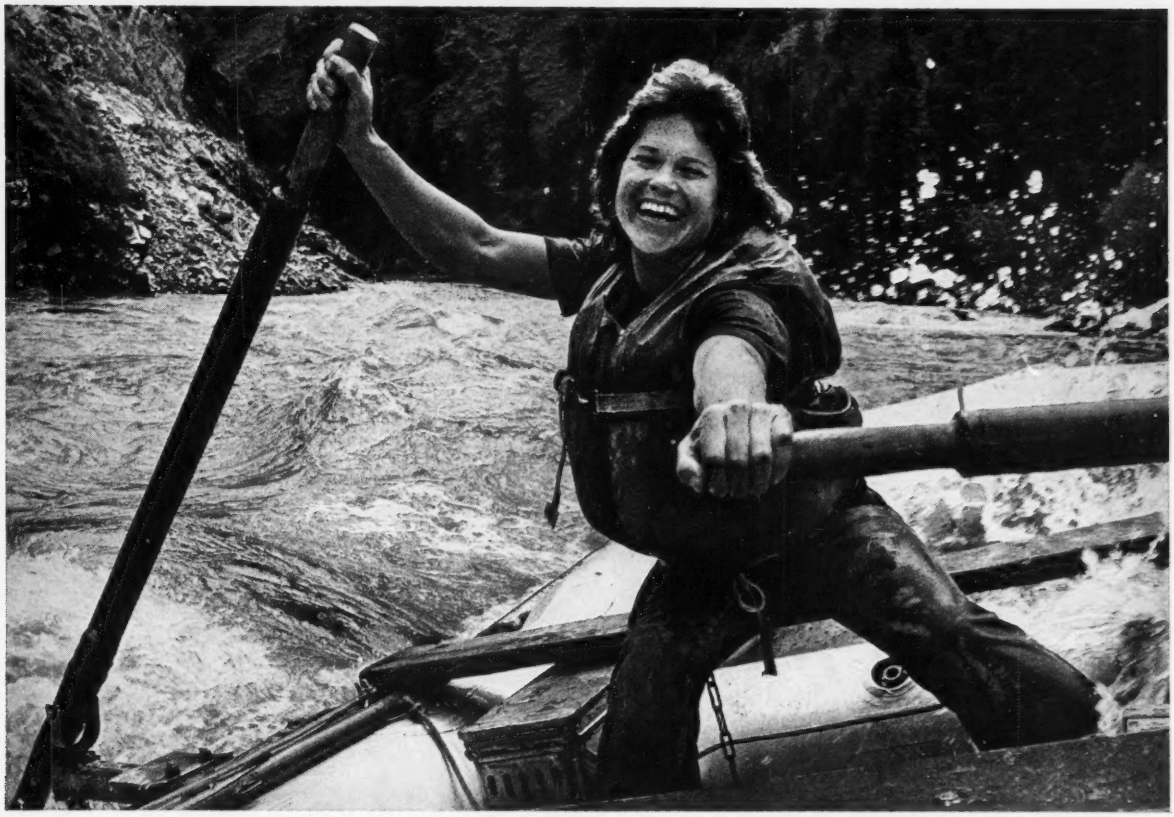


BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

SHARON MILLER

HOME: Salmon, Idaho

AGE: 36

PROFESSION: White-water guide

HOBBIES: Skiing, kayaking, horseback riding, yoga.

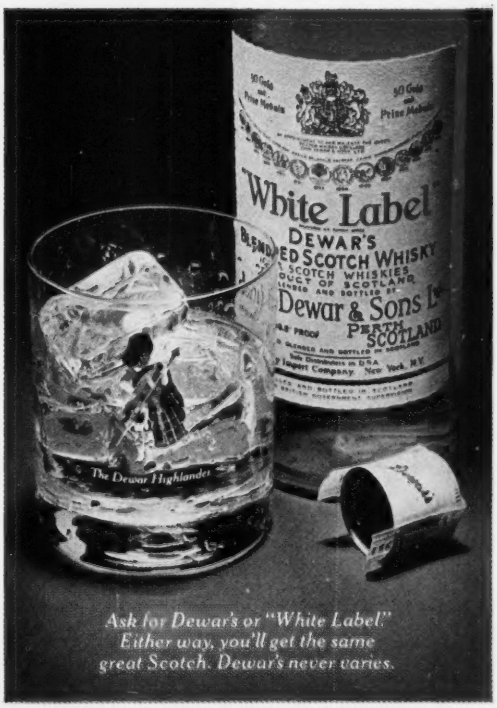
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Thomas Wolfe's Letters to His Mother"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became a certified ski instructor.

QUOTE: "The challenge of white water presents ever-changing situations that demand instant, precise decisions. The implications reach far into everyday life. It's a very literal case of 'he who hesitates is lost'."

PROFILE: Vibrant in her love for life and its intrigue. She exudes this enthusiasm in her work, giving others a special awareness and a true appreciation of nature.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"®



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to this spot, he is the Charon of this crossing, and he has made a study of men's reactions to this sight, this sunny white room. "All them colored boys are crying when they see it. But I never seen a white man cry. He'll step into the chair as dry-eyed as I am." In the sunlight one could see the red and blue capillaries under Cap'n Durden's old white skin and past that the form of his skull—all the skeins of life stretched out and on display, and the death's head behind the scenes operating the whole mechanism. "I've only seen one rich man executed here," he says, "and I found out later his lawyer inherited everything."

Georgia has become the center of the death penalty controversy, largely because Georgia has executed more people than any other state. Since 1924, when the state first subscribed to that triumph of turn-of-the-century technology, the electric chair, Georgia has electrocuted 415 persons; of that number 76 percent were black, most were poor and many were retarded. The capricious history of executions in the South figured importantly in the Supreme Court's 1972 ruling in *Furman* v. *Georgia* which overturned the state law. In 1976, the Court affirmed the revised law in *Gregg* v. *Georgia*, and now there are 34 people on Death Row in Reidsville; 21 are black, most are poor and many are retarded. There are others under death sentence in county jails around the state, perhaps as many as 66 others (including at least one woman), and because the Supreme Court lifted its stay on executions on October 4, soon the white chair on the fifth floor will embrace new victims.

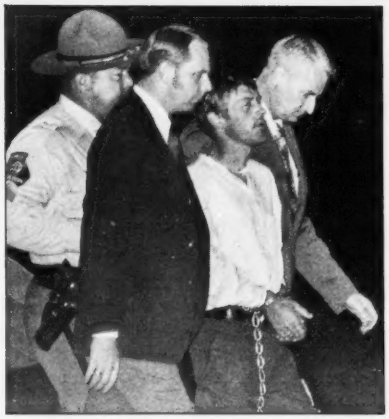
"It will be like an abattoir," says Allen Ault, the Georgia Commissioner of Corrections. "What the public is asking the prison official to do is commit premeditated murder." Ault is part of the new stamp of officials brought in to the Georgia prison system under Jimmy Carter's administration to change the image, as Ault says, of the rednecks and bib overalls. "We've now been designated the only instrument in society that can kill people, except for physicians who perform abortions. On the other hand, I believe that if the law is applied directly, as a deterrent, then two or three percent of those who might be murdered will live. It has to be done with toughness. Even the Carl Isaacs of the world, who are psychopaths or sociopaths, fear death. The person who doesn't fear death is rare."

When executions begin again a tacit sense of public relations will govern the selection of the first men to face the chair. It is likely that the more heinous crimes will assume priority, especially crimes where race is not an obvious factor. As a part of the revised death code the Georgia Supreme Court recently began reviewing capital cases in preparation for execution. Among the cases it reviewed after the *Gregg* decision were Coleman, Isaacs, and Dungee.

When Wayne Coleman arrived on Death Row an orderly named David Lee Brackett began to study his character and features. It was a practice Brackett used on all Death Row inmates, this study, and when he had divined the nature of the man he awarded him an animal name, his totem. Already in Brackett's "zoo" were Bobcat, Wolverine, Elephant, Possum, Pony and Porcupine. "Wayne is an introvert," Brackett decided; "a stoical type of person, has very little to say to anyone, but evidently he loves his brother Carl, he's shown loyalty, in fact he endeavored to shoulder the rap for *all* the killings." (After his capture, Wayne confessed to killing each of the Aldays, but his confession was contradicted by Billy's testimony.) One day Brackett greeted Wayne and called him Beaver. Wayne has only eight teeth remaining; they are large and incline toward the front of his mouth.

Carl was a more difficult study. "He's exceedingly neat, he stays clean and keeps all his paraphernalia in proper order," says Brackett. "Carl is brilliant in many ways; he's sensitive, too. They used to let me up at five in the morning. Carl would already be up. The first thing he'd do is take a wash rag and take a bath. Then he'd brush his teeth and shave. Shortly after he got there I named him the Mink—the cleanest and most valuable animal that I've got in my zoo."

Like most people on Death Row, Wayne and Carl come from a large family, 13 brothers and sisters, six by a man named Coleman whom Wayne dimly remembers, and seven by George Isaacs, a carpenter, who the kids used to laugh at, especially when he got religious. The Colemans and the Isaacs were country people, Pennsylvania farming stock, but



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIDE WORLD

After the tragedy: the same day Seminole County buried the six Aldays (bottom), the Isaacs, Wayne Coleman (top left) and George Dungee (top right) were brought back to Georgia to face trial. What amazed many was the men's apparent lack of remorse. Later in jail, Carl was to remember the murder of Richard Miller: "Me and Wayne . . . were going to cut off his little finger and send it home to his mama, and write a note saying, 'This is all that's left of your little baby.'"

too much failure and too little spirit and finally too many children rotted the thin threads of faith and affection and self-esteem that knot a family together. At night Isaacs and his wife left the children and went drinking, and sometimes Isaacs came home alone. In return, he was cruel; "Dad would get mad and knock Mom on the floor," recalls Lois, the third child of the Coleman brood. "Then we'd try to break in and he'd beat us, too." Finally Isaacs reached the same conclusion as Coleman before him. Wayne watched him go: "One morning he claimed he was going to work, and he packed up the little bit of stuff he did have and took all the cash he could find and never did come back."

After Isaacs left, his wife began to drink harder, stay out later. She worked as a maid in Baltimore, later as a waitress, and left her children in the custody of unloved, unfortunate Lois, 11 years old. "My mother worked very hard to keep our family together," says Wayne. But with no one to nurture the consciences of her children they grew up in wreckage; they became frenzied insomniacs, living entirely on impulse and petty theft. The younger sons, including Carl and Billy, stole from their mother; later they tagged after Wayne and the older boys and began to rob the neighbors. Psychologists would say they were incipient psychopaths, using crime to get their mother's attention. Even that didn't work. "Go ahead and steal," she told them; "you get yourself into trouble, you can get yourself out."

Eventually, says Carl, "Welfare stepped in." The Isaacs children were sent to foster homes, the Colemans stayed with their mother. "I was shuffled from foster home to foster home, then training school and prison. I went to five foster homes altogether, the longest I stayed at one was three years."

The younger the child the sooner he got into trouble. Wayne went to training school at 16 for breaking and entering; Carl followed him at 15 with his first arrest for car theft and acquired another 14 arrests during his next three years; Billy was first caught shoplifting at age five, when he was spanked by a state trooper, and between the ages of seven and fifteen—when he was arrested for the killings in Georgia—Billy spent only a year and a half outside of foster homes, training schools and correctional institutions. One after another the older daughters, the Colemans, "had to get married," and they sought that refuge gladly; the younger Isaacs girls simply fled and disappeared. Archie, one of the Coleman boys, went to prison eight years ago for murder; he got life, but the family expects he'll be out soon.

Mrs. Isaacs knew her boys were bad. She told a reporter before her sons were captured that as soon as she heard about the Alday slayings she guessed that Wayne, Carl and Billy had done it. "Respect is what my sons lacked. They had none for their family and those people in Georgia, and how can they expect any from us?" she asked, speaking for society.

Carl was 18 when he graduated from juvenile system and went to prison for burglary. He was young, slender and smooth-skinned, and two days after his arrival at the Maryland Correctional Institution in March 1973 he was raped by four black inmates. "It started out as an escape, then it turned into a race riot," he says. "That's when I made my mind up that if I ever got a chance I wasn't staying in prison no matter where I went."

Carl got his chance one month later. When Maryland authorities sent him to the minimum security farm at Poplar Hill, where Wayne was serving time for armed robbery. "No fences, no guns, the doors wasn't even locked," Carl recalls. "I got there about 2:30 that afternoon and left at 12:30 that same night. We went out a bathroom window." They were accompanied by Wayne's black companion, George Dungee. The two men had known each other only two months, but in that time they had become very tight, according to George.

"If I had my way about it," said the sheriff, "I would have me a large oven and I'd pre-cook them several days"

"Now George, George ain't all there. George is to be pitied," says Brackett, who named him Little Black Bear, pitiful Little Black Bear, with his scared grin and his tiny black eyes like little berries behind the heavy lenses. At Dungee's trial his attorney described him as "a little nigra man . . . who weighs only 135 pounds. He's ignorant, he's poor, and I venture to say that he doesn't have an I.Q. of over 80. That's the kind of people that have been killed under the history of capital punishment in this country." They had taken George's glasses away at the trial, and when he stared at the jury his eyes were alarmingly dilated and utterly blind.

George grew up on the east side of Baltimore, in a brick row house. He was an only child; his father died when he was six months old and his mother went to work in a canning factory. "I raised him all by myself," his mother told a reporter after police arrested her son. "In the summertime I'd work 16 or 17 hours cannin' and I get someone to keep him. In the fall I'd only have to work eight hours. I sent him to school but he hooked. That was the only trouble I had with him. . . . He does take after my uncle 'bout drinking, though. Only my uncle don't drink till the weekend and my son drink everyday."

In 1963, George started going with Elizabeth. "Me and her got a house not too far from my mother. The baby was born in November 1965. I remember 'cause I was in jail for burglary, and I was laying in my bunk asleep. I must of had Elizabeth on my mind. I was dreaming about her having a baby and a sharp pain hit me and I hollered. I dreamed on Saturday and my mother come see me on Sunday and tell me that Elizabeth had a baby." It was little girl. George knew he wasn't the father, but he loved her "more than anything else."

George spent some time in a state hospital for drinking, he and Elizabeth separated, and although they never married, the court awarded her $5 a week child support, an amount George seldom managed to pay. After he was eight years in arrears, the court ruled that he was in contempt and sentenced him to 18 months at Poplar Hill. When he escaped, he was a month shy of parole.

Billy testified that George had been left in the car with the motor running while the others looted the Alday trailer (George, the getaway man who couldn't drive), but later, after all the others were dead and only Mary remained, beaten and raped by Carl and Wayne, and sodomized finally in the woods by Carl, George had spoken up. "What about me?" he asked.

According to Billy, Wayne was ready to shoot Mary when George interrupted, and later both Carl and Wayne admitted that George would have been killed if he hadn't spoken up at that moment. Wayne handed George a loaded pistol (George had carried an unloaded gun throughout the robbery and the killings). He raped Mary in front of the others, and then he walked her further in the woods and shot her twice in the back. When he was finished he took her Timex watch. It was still in his pocket when he was captured in West Virginia.

What truth is there in the common observation that some people are born

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The executions are coming

Unless the United States Supreme Court grants a stay of execution, 35-year-old Gary Gilmore, convicted of murdering a motel manager, will be shot by firing squad at 8 A.M. on November 15. Gilmore will be the first person to be executed in the U.S. since June 1967, when Luis Jose Monge was put to death in the gas chamber. The Utah capital punishment statute, which is similar to the Texas code recently upheld by the United States Supreme Court, has yet to be tested and there are now two cases on appeal to the Supreme Court. But Gilmore does not want to wait. At his trial, he instructed his attorneys to seek no retrial or stay of execution and told the judge that the execution should proceed "unless it's a joke. . . . I just can't see myself languishing in prison for the rest of my life." When the murder took place, Gilmore was on parole after serving 12 years in jail for armed robbery.

His lawyers, despite Gilmore's order, appealed the case, but the Utah State Supreme Court rejected the appeal. And so, the corrections division in Provo, Utah, is preparing for the execution, and men are being selected for the firing squad. "Most of us weren't here when the last execution took place in 1960," explained an aide to the corrections director. "This is certainly new and different, and nobody is looking forward to it. But most of us here are supportive of capital punishment and look at this as just a job that must be done."

Preparations are also underway in the three states with death codes sanctioned by the Supreme Court. Four dates have been set in Georgia, but with appeals, the actual executions probably won't begin until spring of next year. Although no dates have been set in Florida, the American Civil Liberties Union warns that six of the 78 condemned prisoners are in imminent jeopardy of execution. And in Texas, where 43 convicts have been sentenced to die, one date has been set: Jerry Jurick is scheduled to die on January 15. Benjamin Smith, recently granted an indefinite stay, was originally sentenced (by a Dallas judge) to die on November 22, the thirteenth anniversary of President Kennedy's assassination.

killers? Wayne Coleman would have posed no mystery to Havelock Ellis, the British psychologist, who in 1899 catalogued the features of criminal man: precocious wrinkling of the skin, scanty beard, rectilinear nose, voluminous projecting ears, pigeon breasts, stooping shoulders, a cadaverous pallor of the skin (from "habitual cerebral congestion" or else "prolonged imprisonment"), and of course extensive tattooing, the criminal's emblematic language. Despite the Freudian and biochemical approaches to criminology which have replaced Ellis' curious empiricism, one can imagine that Wayne Coleman would still have trouble boarding an airplane without a body search.

Carl, on the other hand, is a classic example of the equally commonplace observation among psychologists that murderers are manufactured by their mothers, as instruments of their mothers' self-loathing. Wayne is impatient with this theory. He remembers his mother fondly; he describes her as "happy-go-lucky," and shows off the heart-shaped tattoo with MOM inscribed inside. "There are many people in this world," says Wayne, referring to Carl, "who tend to blame their parents when met with misfortunes, and lands behind prison walls. . . . But this particular individual's actions and hardships he brings on himself."

In either case, whether they were born or made, or made themselves, Carl and Wayne are untroubled by their crimes. When they were captured it was their remorselessness, which is to say their absence of conscience, that astonished veteran investigators. During his trial Wayne read about himself in a crime magazine (the article was entitled, "Too Evil To Be Called Animals"), and abstractedly ogled the hemline of Barbara Alday, whose husband he had killed. Carl later gave an interview in which he boasted of killing 15 times, and said he'd like to kill a thousand more. "I need out, so I can do something to ease this hate. When I kill, I feel a release, you know."

Now Carl waits only for his own death. It's been three years. He suffers the tedious regimen of the condemned man. He re-reads his trial transcripts. He beleaguers his attorney. He envisions his exit scene, the terrific fight he's going to put up on the way to the chair ("I'm going to fight like a tiger all the way"), and worries that when they come to get him his bowels might betray him. He hopes he'll be the first to go. "I wish they'd get it over with. Of course, I don't want to die. It's the waiting that gets you." He says he's opposed to the death penalty in principle, although he might make exceptions for people who kill policemen and the elderly.

Wayne agrees that "they're more likely to burn us than anyone," but he's not as anxious as Carl for the waiting to end. Like most prisoners on Death Row, Wayne wishes Carl would shut up about "turning on the juice."

In the meantime, George Dungee lies in his bunk and lets dreams overtake him. He goes back to Baltimore, to the little girls, to Elizabeth, to his mother. One night he hears his mother call him; he sees her standing there, and he jumps up and runs to her—smack into the cold cell door. He awakes thinking he ought to get married. "It might solve some of my problems," he realizes. Then he dreams about people he doesn't even know. He's not in Baltimore, he's in Seminole County. He sees Carl, wearing a black cowboy hat and orange, square-shaped sunglasses, coming out of the gleaming trailer. Carl's face is thrilled, and it says *go inside*. The trailer is full of blue smoke, and through the haze George sees arms and legs and a man napping on the couch. The door opens

"I've only seen one rich man executed here," said the prison guard, "and I found out later that his lawyer had inherited everything"

again and it's Mary Mary Mary Mary Mary screaming in his ear. George starts awake but she's gone; he can never see her face, only hear her name. A man stands in front of his cell now, so it won't be long; they watch you all night when your time comes. In the morning the cell opens and George doesn't fight; he walks the last mile by himself, leading the guards and the whispering priest. He enters the white vestibule and waits for Cap'n Durden to open the last door, and when that happens he doesn't dirty himself, he walks to the chair, saying her name. He sits and the mask comes down and he hears her breathing with him in the dark. But something is wrong. The end doesn't come; they refuse to pull the switch. Soon after this dream, Little Black Bear remembered to shave his head. ●

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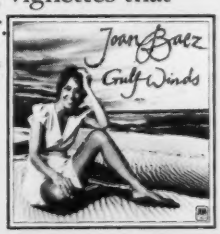
*Arranged by Joan Baez and Dean Parks



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FOR SEVERAL YEARS, TIMOTHY GALLWEY HAS BEEN GURU TO THOUSANDS OF TENNIS PLAYERS. RECENTLY, A NUMBER OF OFF-COURT ADMIRERS—INCLUDING IBM SALESMEN, SKIERS AND BASEBALL PLAYERS—HAVE BEEN TRYING THEIR HAND AT THE INNER GAME

NOW, THE INNER GAME OF EVERYTHING

BY TONY SCHWARTZ

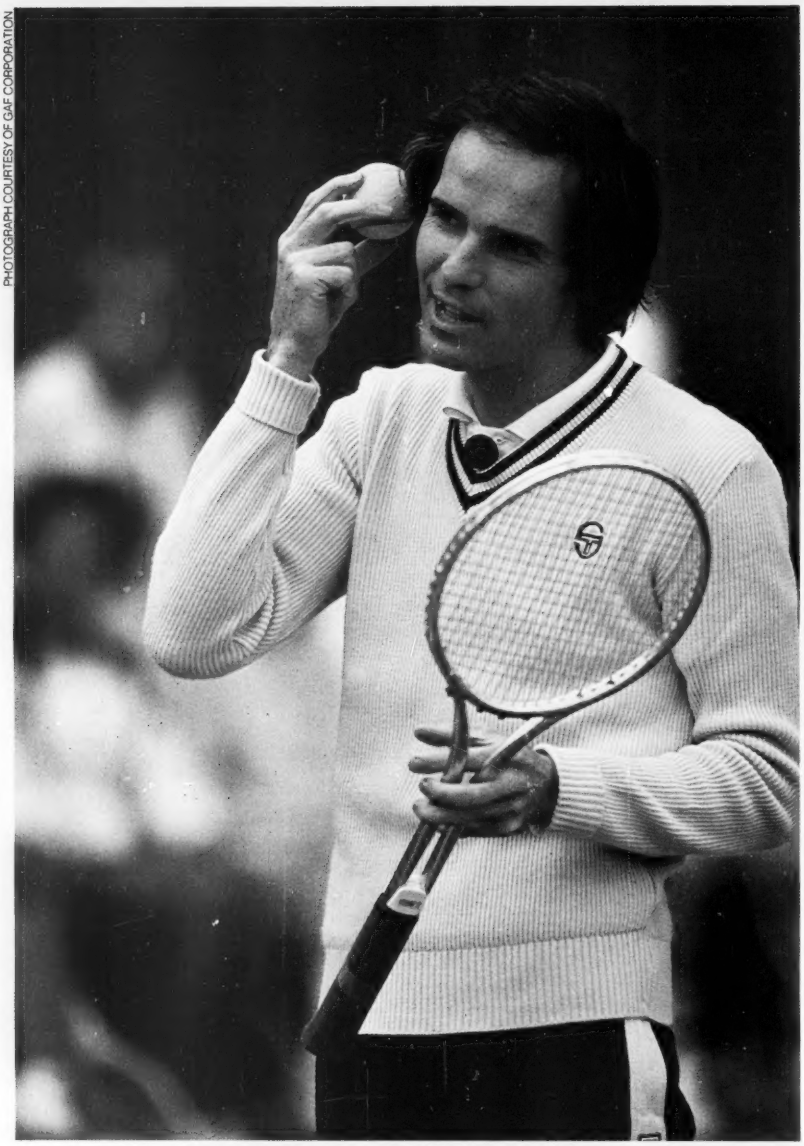
It wouldn't be so bad if Timothy Gallwey had simply been beating me at Pong, the electronic board game we were playing in the lounge of the Holiday Inn in downtown Chicago. What was irksome about our encounter was that each time Gallwey got close to winning, he signaled for us to switch seats. His purpose was to prolong the game, which he apparently believed we were playing for its own sake. In fact, I was playing with only one goal, to win, and because I lost consistently even with the advantage he graciously profferred, my frustration was twice born.

I rationalized that it was an appropriate way to get to know Tim Gallwey. Games are at the center of his interest, after all, and it was to talk about his unique approach to one—tennis—that he had come to Chicago. The following morning, Gallwey was to begin a two-day workshop on something he calls "the Inner Game of tennis." Two years ago he wrote a book by the same title, and though it contained scarcely a word about how to play the game, it is already the best-selling book ever written about tennis. After I read it, the effect on my game was near miraculous: for several months, without making any effort to change my strokes, I played far and away the best tennis of my life. I was ecstatic. Eventually, however, and inexplicably, my game leveled off. Thus my purpose in coming to see Gallwey was two-fold: I wanted to write about the burgeoning Inner Game phenomenon, and its originator, and I hoped to recapture the magic he once inspired in my game.

The Inner Game is based on a deceptively simple premise: that learning is a function of awareness, and that whatever facilitates awareness increases learning, while whatever interferes with awareness decreases learning. But the real genius of Gallwey's philosophy has been to give a coherent language to a crucial side of tennis—its psychology—where there had been none. Gallwey writes about the tendency to choke under pressure as cogently as others have written about how to hit a forehand. As he put it in the introduction to his book: "It is [my] thesis . . . that neither mastery nor satisfaction can be found in the playing of any game without giving some attention to the relatively neglected skills of the inner game. This is the game that takes place in the mind of the player, and it is played against such obstacles as lapses in concentration, nervousness, self-doubt and self-condemnation. In short, it is played to overcome all habits of mind which inhibit excellence in performance."

The Gallwey approach redefines traditional concepts about how to learn games and how to play them. His notions are rich with apparent irony. For instance, he says that one of the greatest deterrents to doing anything well is trying to do it well. "Nobody ever tries to turn a light on," Gallwey explained after we'd stopped playing Pong. "You only try when there is some assumption of doubt. 'Try' is not a clear word in our language. Zen people talk of effortless effort, and that's not the paradox the phrase would indicate. Really it just refers to the economic use of one's energy. You don't spend any effort trying if you are just doing something. In the attempt to get power, you are losing power; in the attempt to get accuracy, you lose accuracy.

"For the first 33 years of my life, I went on the assumption that I was ignorant and had to become smart, that I was uncoordinated and had to become coordinated.



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Playing out of his mind: Gallwey believes that, free of the mind, the body will naturally choose how best to hit the ball.

I decided how I *should* be and tried hard to fit the concept. The second way of learning, which I've used for the last five years, is to assume that I already am what I am, and that my goal is self-discovery, not proving. I believe you learn more if you pay attention to what you do, than if you think about what you do not do. For that kind of awareness, a mental discipline is required and it's called concentration."

The goal of the Inner Game is to remove the obstacles that stand in the way of such concentration. At the core of Gallwey's philosophy is the supposition that there are two "selves" at work in every person. Self 1, the conscious, judging mind, gives the instructions; Self 2, the unconscious, automatic, doer carries them out. Unless Self 1 trusts Self 2, the Inner Game cannot be achieved. Harmony between the two selves depends on a non-judgmental awareness of what is happening. In such a state, the mind is quiet and peak performance is possible. Gallwey believes that the body, left free of the mind, will make a natural choice about how best to hit the ball. It's no coincidence that a player at the top of his game will often say that he played "out of his mind."

Although the Inner Game has overtones both of est (what is, is) and of psychoanalysis (resolving obstacles that stand in the way of full expression), Gallwey seems to draw most heavily on Eastern thinking. He is a follower of the Guru Maharaj Ji and calls his two hours or so of meditation each day "my highest form of experience." Thus it isn't surprising that the Inner Game of tennis has also come to be known as Zen tennis and Zennis. And it's quite likely that Gallwey's melting of Eastern and Western thought, Zen and competition, the spiritual and the pragmatic, is the basis for the extraordinary success he's had in promoting the Inner Game.

The warm reception *The Inner Game of Tennis* has received shows just how appealing Gallwey's approach is. When Random House first printed 30,000 copies, even the book's most enthusiastic supporters didn't believe it could sell more than two times that. Instead, after just two years, 235,000 copies have been sold. This month Random House will publish Gallwey's companion volume, *Inner Tennis: Playing the Game*, which deals with more practical applications of the philosophies outlined in his first book. A first edition of 65,000 copies has been set.

Writing has not been Gallwey's sole pursuit: this year he hosted a series of six half-hour shows on inner tennis for educational television which was aired by almost every affiliate. To encourage new applications of his ideas he has established Inner Game Resources, a clearing house of sorts which operates out of his home in Encino, California. He's also in the midst of writing an article about the Inner Game as it applies to skiing. Several ski schools, responding to a challenge from *Ski* magazine, have already informally tested Gallwey's methods on the slopes, and reported great success. Partly as a result, the Professional Ski Instructors Association has decided to sponsor a five-day Inner Game skiing clinic in December. Twenty-four instructors from around the country will meet in Boulder, Colorado, where, under Gallwey's direction, Inner Game techniques will be demonstrated in both tennis and skiing. The instructors will then be asked to keep journals about their teaching experiences through the winter. In the spring, there will be a second five-day clinic, at which Gallwey hopes to produce an Inner Game ski manual for use in ski schools.

On other fronts, Gallwey intends to write on Inner Game's applications to golf. He has been consulted by major league baseball players, and has even been invited to work with the place-kickers on a National Football League team. He has lectured on the Inner Game of selling to salesmen at IBM and at J.P. Stevens, a textile company. And of course he runs Inner Tennis clinics.

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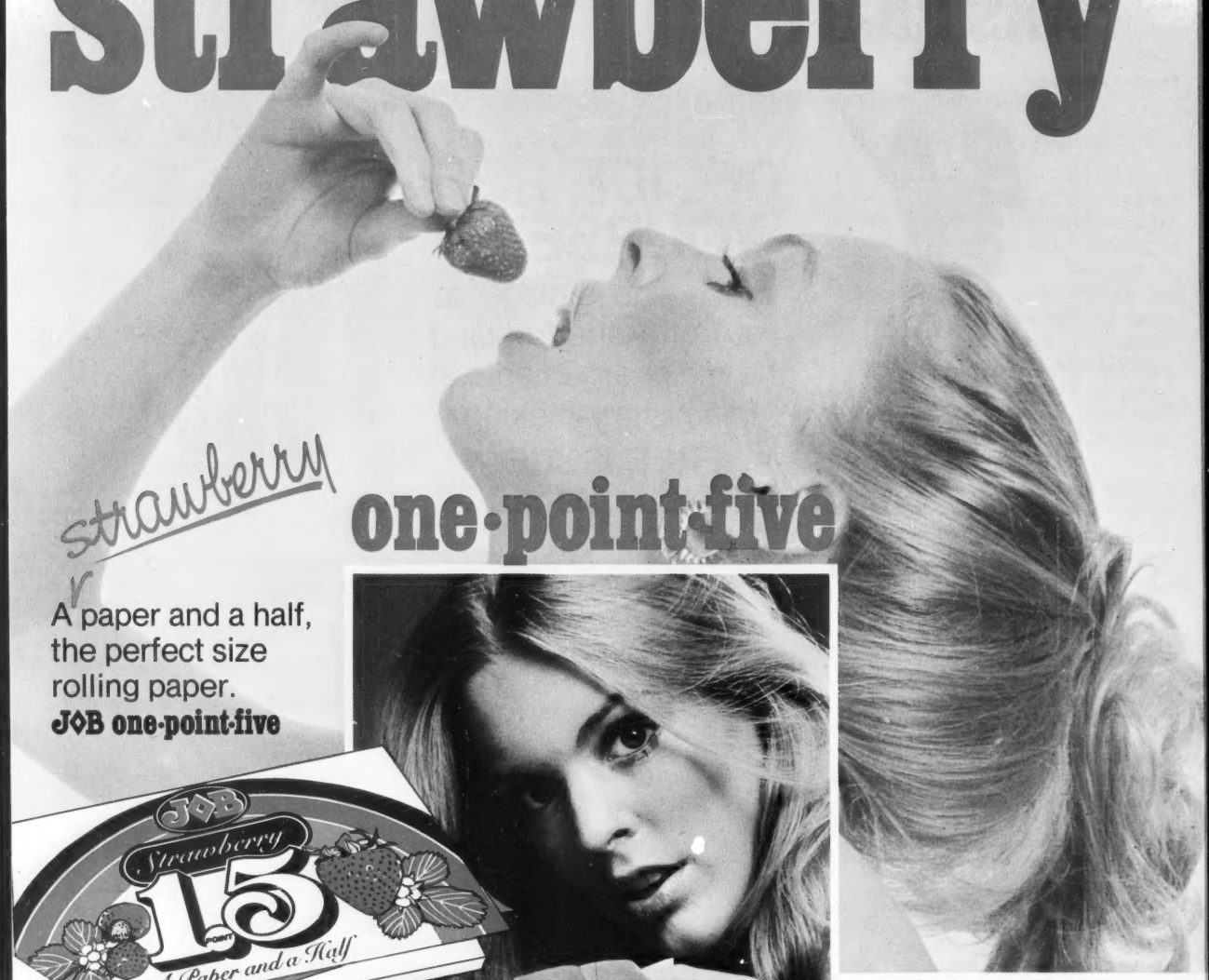

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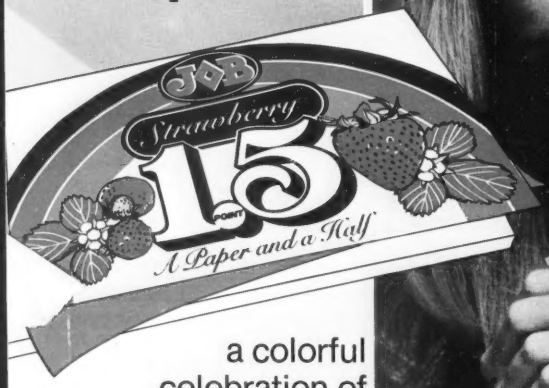

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eclectic nature of the Inner Game phenomenon is evidenced by the voluminous testaments from readers of Gallwey's book, and viewers of his series. Over 4,000 have written to him, and to leaf through their comments is to wonder whether the Inner Game of Everything can be terribly far off.

"'Inner Tennis' not only helped me with my tennis but also with my golf and bowling. It gave me a new outlook," wrote a retired teacher from St. Louis.

"I do not play tennis, yet, but I am a Police Firearms Instructor and I find the book helpful in teaching marksmanship," wrote a member of the Winter Haven, Florida, police department.

"Gallwey's book is helping me prepare for my biggest game—the California bar exam."

"I have never—and may never—play tennis. However, I'm a dance student and was really inhibited by 30 years of calling myself clumsy. This book helped."

And then there's the kind of letter which pleases Gallwey most, from a couple in Georgia:

"Gallwey has taken the fear out of tennis—but the transfer of his philosophies to living is the real secret of the book."

It is in the hope of inspiring just such insights that Gallwey continues to run clinics on Inner Tennis. "Most people get into the Inner Game because it helps with the outer game," Gallwey explains. "Tennis legitimizes what I'm saying, helps make it practical. Hopefully some will end up seeing the Inner Game's value for peace of mind—the inner freedom over the external victories.

Promptly at 9:00 on Saturday morning, Tim Gallwey was standing before 100 or so people. Behind him were four open tennis courts. Gallwey cut a slight and elegant figure in his white duck pants and white alligator shirt, but he was hardly the standard image of a tennis pro. At 38, he bears some resemblance to Dick Cavett, with his quick, infectious smile and boyish good looks. His hair is straight, longish and grey-flecked, but the most striking thing about his face are the deep-set blue eyes, full of intensity, at once mysterious and inviting.

No microphone could be located so Gallwey, his voice already hoarse from a heavy schedule of clinics, started without one. "Today I just want you to pay attention, to be aware of what's happening. I'm not asking you to agree with me or disagree; neither to believe nor to disbelieve what I say. Understanding will come just by concentration. And concentration will help your game on and off the court. There is no place it will not be useful. That's practical. I'm practical."

"Reflect on the moments when you've played best. Ask successful Olympic athletes what they were thinking during a performance and to a one they'll say 'I wasn't thinking. I was totally involved.' That's what the Inner Game is all about.

"The greatest enemy you'll face is mistrust—and all that leads to. I'm trying to undermine your faith in this guy inside who tells you *how* to do things, and to increase your faith in your body. Uncoordination comes from trying to be coordinated. If you can say the word 'uncoordinated,' then you're not. Think what would happen if I tried to teach you how to say the word 'uncoordinated.'" Gallwey contorts his face. "Lower your jaw three-eighths of an inch, move your tongue toward your lower lip, round your mouth. If you really tried to say the word you probably couldn't. The real way we learn is by experience, through trial and error. Judgment just gets in the way of awareness."

A Georgia couple wrote: "Gallwey has taken the fear out of tennis, but the transfer of his philosophies to living is the secret of his book"

Gallwey has such a natural economic speaking style that his audience was mesmerized. Time passed unnoticed.

"A ball can't be hit by a racket that should be somewhere; it can only be hit by a racket that is somewhere. Some people lead should lives. They always know what they should be doing, but they never know what they are doing. I ask a person who has just hit a backhand what he experienced, and he'll say 'I experienced not turning sideways.' Is that possible? Actually, no. It's true he didn't turn sideways, but he didn't experience that. You can't experience something that isn't. How many things am I not doing at a given moment? Practically everything. Think of it from the other side: how many things do you have to do to hit a forehand properly? I once started listing the important things and I stopped at 75. And those were only the *important* ones. The real use for instruction is not to tell you how, but to lead you into the experience. If your racket is right where it should be, and you don't know where it is, you're going to miss the ball. On the other hand, if you know where it is, even if it's behind your ear, you have a much better chance of bringing it to where you can hit the ball."

By the time we broke for lunch, Gallwey had been talking for nearly three hours. No one seemed bored. A group of us, including a bearded middle-aged man from Oasis, the sponsoring humanistic psychology growth center, headed off to a local health food restaurant for lunch. Gallwey immediately became the center of attention, and the man from Oasis questioned him intently.

"Could the Inner Game even be applied to intrinsically dull activities?" he asked.

"I'd like to have the most menial job in a factory for two or three months," Gallwey answered in dead seriousness, "to see if I could get into it. What if sweeping the floor became meditative? What if the purpose of the job became the movement? I want to provide an opening. The primary service I do is to reach people who don't realize they're interested in growth and awareness. At U.C.L.A., 350 people enrolled in an Inner Game workshop. Ninety percent came saying they wanted primarily to improve their tennis; by the end only 30 percent believed that had been the primary benefit."

For many years, Gallwey's main concern was to improve his tennis. He grew up in a middle-class California family, and from the start, he was focused on success and achievement—in school, in his social life and in tennis. At the latter, he spent long hours practicing, and began playing in tournaments at the age of 11. By the time he was 15, Gallwey was good enough to enter the National Junior Championships in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Though he didn't realize it then, the experience there was to become a turning point in his search for the Inner Game.

Gallwey was not one of the better players in the tournament, and he didn't expect to last past the first round. Winning or losing didn't worry him much, however, because he was in a deeply religious phase of his life. "I decided to put my fate in God's hands. I'd simply express his will. It took the pressure off me, because I couldn't control it." Three of Gallwey's first four matches were on the center court, and he won every one. His fifth match was against the number 7 seed in the tournament, and Gallwey promptly won the first set 6–3. But in the second set, his opponent began rushing

net, and Gallwey lost 6–0. During the break before the third set, a stranger called him over and suggested that he begin lobbing his opponent. Gallwey decided the advice was a direct message from God. Down 3–0, he persisted with the tactic, until it finally began to work and he ran off a string of five games. Suddenly he found himself at 5–3, 40–15, serving for the match. It was then that something changed. Gallwey remembers his words to himself vividly. "I said, 'Thank you very much God for Your help.' I thought, 'I can take it from here.'" He promptly double-faulted, and then missed a simple put-away at net which would also have given him the match. It was only a matter of time before his opponent ran out the match. Later, he realized: "It was when I tried to take control instead of letting it happen, that I lost. That became the basis for the Inner Game."

Gallwey went on to college at Harvard, where he captained the tennis team, served in the Navy, and worked at an experimental college until it folded in 1969. That summer Gallwey attended a Carl Rogers encounter group for professionals. "The main effect of the group was to put me in touch with the o.k.ness of the way things were. After it was over, I decided to take a job teaching tennis, expecting I'd eventually advance to the next position in academia."

Something totally different happened. Gallwey got involved in a yoga class at night. Later, he incorporated its exercises into his tennis teaching. He discovered quickly that students were much calmer and better concentrated after the yoga.

In August of 1971 Gallwey met the Guru Maharaj Ji. "I hadn't done anything like it, but my sister suggested I go hear him speak. He said some very simple things and they clicked for me."

After two months at an ashram in India, Gallwey returned to California and began teaching "yoga tennis" at a tennis ranch run by his old teacher, John Gardiner. The Inner Tennis theories were beginning to emerge, and Gallwey started to write bits and pieces of the book he ultimately envisioned doing. At a sports workshop at the Esalen Institute, he met Adam Smith (a.k.a. Jerry Goodman) who was covering the conference for *Sports Illustrated*. Goodman was intrigued enough by Gallwey's ideas—and pleased enough with the success he enjoyed in applying them to his own game—to bring the book idea to his editors at Random House. Two weeks later they bought the idea and Gallwey moved to Los Angeles to write it.

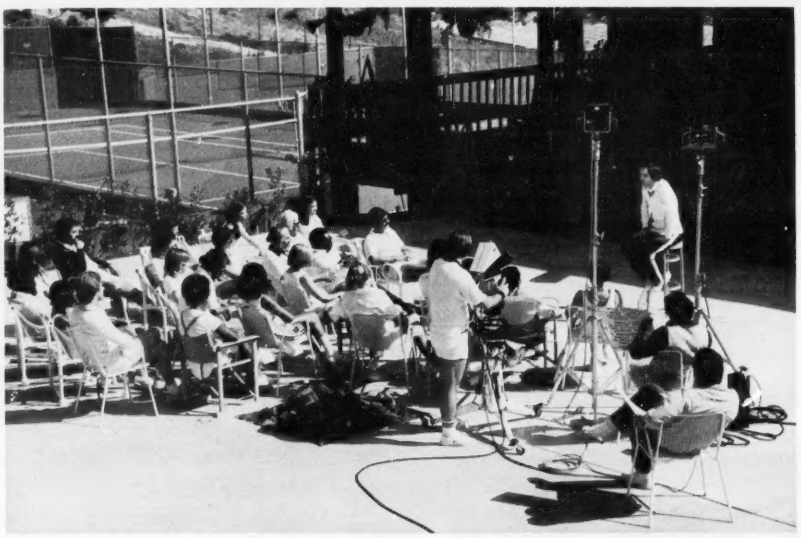
During the Saturday afternoon session, Gallwey ran through several drills using volunteers from the audience. The most interesting demonstration was with an overweight, middle-aged and rather awkward woman who had never played tennis before. Gallwey gave her only one instruction before tossing the first ball, and it was an amazingly simple one: "When the ball bounces in front of you, I want you to say bounce; when it makes contact with your racket, I want you to say hit. That's all." Gallwey retreated to the net and began tossing balls on one bounce to the woman at the baseline. What followed was almost unbelievable: the woman began hitting the ball back over the net with authority. When Gallwey tossed balls to her backhand (a term she probably didn't even yet know), she instinctively switched her grip. The balls continued to fly over the net and into the court. The audience was pleased and astonished, if not a little disbelieving, and Gallwey commented that people often suspect his demonstrations with beginners are fixed. Several weeks later, at a clinic in Princeton, New Jersey, I watched Gallwey attempt the same experiment with a woman who looked even more hopeless than had her Chicago counterpart. Though she dutifully said "bounce" and "hit" as instructed, her racket made no contact with the ball. Gallwey was unfazed. "How would you *like* to hit it?" he asked her innocently, and tossed a ball in her direction. She promptly whopped a forehand with considerable topspin across the net. A flicker of a smile traced across Gallwey's face. "Now I know you're just a beginner, but what if you could really hit it right?" A second forehand sailed across the net. "Is that about the way?" She nodded, and hit half a dozen shots cross court.

"Now hit it down the line," Gallwey said casually, and she did just that. He was hard put to conceal his pleasure. For my benefit, he gave the woman a last instruction: "This time, I really want you to try. Hit the ball properly. Think about what you're doing." He tossed a ball and she missed it by six inches.

On Sunday morning Gallwey's voice was nearly gone, after a long night of talking with devotees at a local ashram. During the second day of the clinic, everyone was to get a chance to employ the Inner Game techniques they had seen demonstrated the day before.

"You're perfectly welcome to judge the level of your performance today," Gallwey began wryly, "but it won't help you. It's unlikely you'll take my plea seriously, because you're used to judging. But attempt to see what your body can do without you.

"I want you to notice how anxiety distorts perception. I call it the 'uh oh effect.' A ball is coming toward you, but instead of seeing a ball, you see an 'uh oh.' 'Uh oh,' here comes a backhand, or 'uh oh,' here comes a tough shot. You project your anxiety onto the ball and you don't actually see what's there. That distortion of perception makes for a distortion in your reaction. You respond as you would to a threat—by tightening—and the tightening produces a jerk in your racket, which produces a mishit. Ninety-nine percent of errors result from the tightening of too many muscles. That



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Courting his audience: Gallwey's series on Inner Tennis was aired by almost every Public Broadcasting affiliate.

mishit leads to a distorted self-image. I have a lousy back hand so I'm a lousy tennis player. It was that distorted self-image which caused the mishit in the first place. The relationship is circular."

Gallwey finished his introduction for the day, and divided the group into subgroups of eight. On each court, four people played, while four observed. Observing, Gallwey told the group, is as important as playing. In the bounce-hit drill, he asked the observers to notice the voice inflection (to detect tightness), and the precision of timing in calling out bounce and hit.

The next drill was called trajectory—noticing the shape of the ball's path as it crosses the net. Trajectory is particularly designed to combat boredom, which Gallwey believes is a potentially greater deterrent to concentration than anxiety. "You've got to make the ball interesting, get absorbed in it," he explained. "It's repetitious unless you are creative; you can make the trajectory a work of art." From there Gallwey ran through drills such as climbing on the ball ("hard to describe, easy to experience"), abandonment (letting go of the conscious source of control, and allowing an unconscious one to take over) and racket awareness.

The drills took up the whole day, and it was clear that many people were stroking the ball more fluidly and more consistently. Nearly everyone seemed more relaxed, but at day's end there was disagreement over whether that result was a good one. "It's not the same as playing tennis," a middle-aged woman volunteered. "I loved the lack of pressure, but I felt kind of floaty." Another girl, perhaps 16 or so and a tournament-level player was concerned. "I felt floaty too," she said, "but it was like I wasn't doing anything. It wasn't me playing." Though there were numerous other testaments to the Inner Game's positive effects, the comment of one participant stuck in my mind. "It was fun," he said, "but I found myself not caring whether the ball went in."

That was the one aspect of the Inner Game—the role of winning—that I'd not heard Gallwey discuss. And the nature of winning was precisely what an editor at *World Tennis* magazine had seized on when I mentioned to her I was writing about the Inner Game. "It's a fad," she told me, "and that's why we haven't covered it. I think it encourages a whimsical attitude toward tennis, and tennis is just plain hard to play."

Later, I raised the concern with Gallwey, who devotes an entire chapter in his second book to the will to win. "People are very confused about winning," he told me. "Some people assume the Inner Game means not caring, not trying to win. That's not true. The Inner Game player seeks first to define what winning really is, because if you're unclear about that, it's likely that your energies will be divided."

Gallwey offers the example of a player who is given the choice between playing with an opponent who is better than he or who is worse than he. "Ninety-five percent of the time the person will choose the better player. But then I ask this question: imagine you are now in a match against this better player and he is leading 3-2 on his serve at deuce. As you are waiting for the serve, are you hoping he's going to hit his first serve in, or make a fault?" Most people, of course, hope for a fault. And Gallwey calls that changing one's mind, a confusion about goals.

Gallwey expands his idea on defining "winning" in his new book: "If 128 players in a tournament each set their primary will on winning the tournament, 127 will not get what they want.

"The most common way to lose the Inner Game," Gallwey warns, "is to get mad at yourself for judging yourself"

. . . [But the player] who decides that what is important is the . . . amount and quality of his *effort* is in a very different psychological position of not reaching his goal." He is in control, and does not experience the anxiety.

Before ending the workshop, Gallwey gave a final piece of advice, and it suddenly made me understand what had happened to my own short-lived Inner Game. "The most common way to lose the Inner Game," he warned the collected crowd "is to get mad at yourself for judging yourself. You say, 'Don't judge yourself. It says in the Inner Game not to judge yourself.' So you'll find yourself trying hard, not to try hard. What I want you to do is experience the difference between letting go and not letting go. It's in the experience of feeling the difference that an automatic choice is made."

I had been watching and listening to Gallwey for two days, and I had yet to find out whether his words had rekindled the magic they once inspired in my game. I arranged a doubles match which pitted Gallwey and the young woman tournament player, against the club pro and me. My tennis is reasonably strong, but it was probably the least polished in our foursome. Gallwey's was far and away the best.

I took the backhand court and the match turned out to be better than expected. We were hitting so well that I hardly had time to enjoy the fact that I was hitting shots I never knew were in my repertoire.

The first set was closely contested and they won it 6-4. In the second set, I actually began looking forward to Gallwey's big serves, convinced by then that I could return them with power. The pleasure was inarticulable.

The score went to 5-4 in the second set, and Gallwey had a chance to serve for the match. He quickly reached match point at 40-30. It was a situation in which I usually couldn't help but be anxious, even fatalistic. Instead I was serene and determined. Gallwey powered a first serve deep to my backhand. I reached out far to my left, and stroked the ball by him as he came to net. When my partner lost the next point, Gallwey served again to my backhand. Again I stretched and blasted the return by him at net. When it happened for a third time, Gallwey stopped, smiled and shook his head. I was in a state of advanced bliss. My partner finally won a point, and we had our first shot at breaking serve, and saving the set. This time Gallwey served right down the middle, but I'd anticipated it all the way. I flicked a forehand straight back down the middle. It was my fourth consecutive passing shot, more quality tennis in three minutes than in the hundreds of matches I'd played before.

It is anticlimactic to note that Gallwey's resolve suddenly became impenetrable, and they ran out the match 7-5. When it was over, I headed with Gallwey to the locker room, my pleasure so enormous that I could barely contain it. My flight back to New York was imminent, so I showered and dressed hurriedly. Gallwey was just coming out of the shower as I prepared to leave. Somehow it had seemed inappropriate to tell him that I'd just played the best tennis of my life. But to hell with the detached cool of the Inner Game. I just couldn't resist.

"I never played tennis like that before," I said as calmly as possible.

He nodded pensively, and pondered my words for a moment.

"It was good," he said finally. "All you need now is a little more toss awareness on your serve." ●

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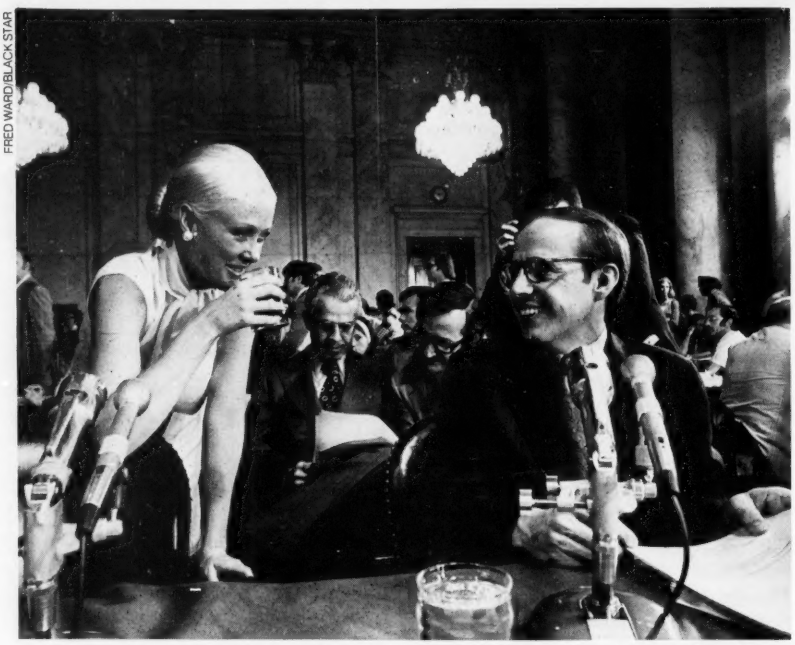
Blind Ambition: The White House Years *by John Dean.* Simon and Schuster (415 pp., illustrated, $11.95).
"Mo": A Woman's View of Watergate *by Maureen Dean, with Hays Gorey.* Simon and Schuster (286 pp., illustrated, $8.95) and Bantam (270 pp., $1.75).

Richard Nixon thought John Dean was a hippie, because his deferential Chief Counsel rode to work in a Porsche and failed to wear an American flag on his lapel. John Dean thought that The Most Powerful Man On The Planet was certainly awkward, and probably dumb. He also believed him to be "'a devious bastard.'" James Neal, the Watergate prosecutor, thought Jeb Magruder was a "'crybaby. All he does is bitch, bitch, bitch.'" Gordon Liddy thought Magruder was "'an asshole.'" Now, Barry Goldwater thought that his party's best man was deceitful: "'That goddam Nixon has been lying all of his life,'" while Dean's criminal lawyer believed that Nixon, for whom he voted in 1972, was "'a goddam criminal, that's what I think.'" Dean thought of Liddy as a "beggar's crossroads," and he didn't care at all for John Ehrlichman. Neither did his wife Maureen, "Mo" as she is known to millions, who thought of him as "That arrogant, thoughtless creature." She noticed too that the bearded Bard of Santa Fe was fat. Now Rosemary Woods? Mo liked her: "I liked her instantly. Basically, I like everyone. . . ." Well, almost: "I don't know which bothers me more—the President's callousness, or his stupidity." She *loved* Walter Cronkite who "even invited us [John and me] to go sailing with him and his wife off Martha's Vineyard during the summer" of the Watergate hearings. (What would Spiggy Veep have thought?) Now Colson maligned Dean during the Senate hearings, but in prison they were good buddies again. Ehrlichman simply *hated* Mitchell, who hated him right back. Haldeman was a meanie to almost everyone, but he was sometimes courteous to Dean. Hunt was a blackmailer, and Pat Gray told fibs. Mo thought that her husband's brother-in-law and civil lawyer was trying to screw John out of his royalties. Everyone felt sort of sorry for Segretti, but what could they do, he was a patsy? Mo thought it wasn't fair that John Dean had to spend his nights in a cell: "He's the one who spent years studying law and utilizing his knowledge of it. Now he will never be allowed to practice law again." Sam Dash didn't know what to make of Mo: "She showed no outward sign of concern or comprehension of her husband's—and consequently, her own—desperate plight. . . . Such a remarkable display of indifference, under the circumstances, reflected either insensitivity and shallowness or an extraordinary ability to submerge feelings of personal turmoil."

Well, I'm here to tell you that Mo Dean is not a woman of "extraordinary ability," and I have no doubt that she'd agree. This is a woman raised in a poor pocket of a rich Los Angeles neighborhood for whom "a Beverly Hills address becomes a badge of distinction, something to strive for, something that announces—like a Mercedes Benz or a Rolls Royce in the driveway—that you have arrived, even if you haven't." She fell for the President's mouthpiece (as she would have it) because he was "a Brooks Brothers type . . . someone who knew so much about what was going on in the world." (Did he not *just*?)

She was not so witting, but "I smiled, batted my eyes a lot—and found that people really were very helpful." She and John lived together two years before they were married, and during that time her husband did not trouble to introduce her to his parents, who lived a few hours drive from Washington. John "occasionally seemed aloof and distant from me. . . ." For example, she thought after they were married that she was pregnant, and told her husband, thinking to cheer him up. "Oh?" he responded. "Well, I guess that's all right; I mean it's O.K." One thing, as she re-



FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

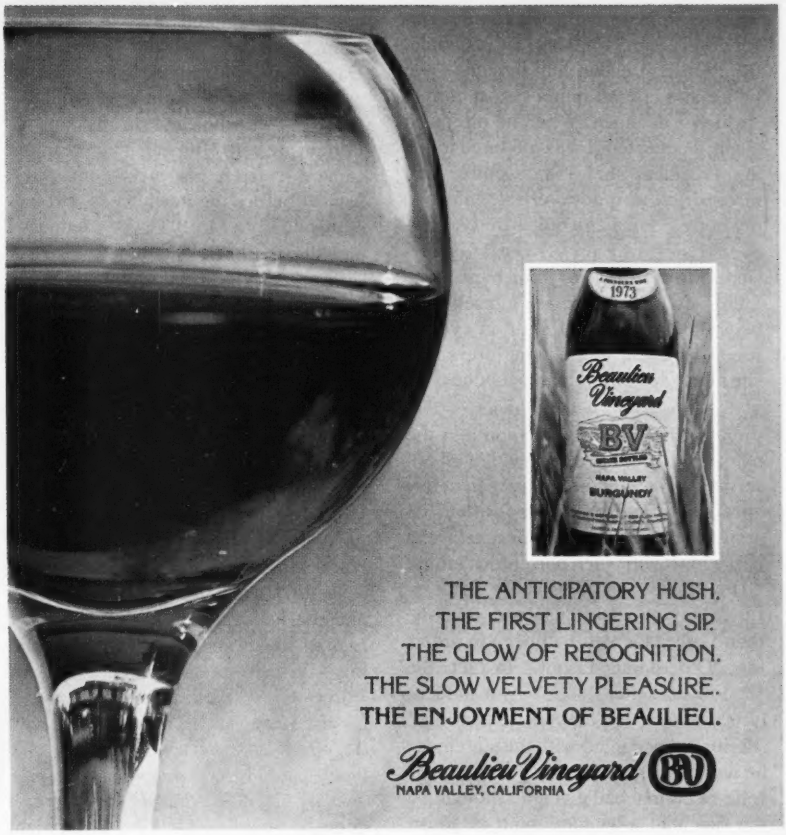
Mo and John: although he didn't tell her anything about Watergate during the Nixon years, both are singing now.

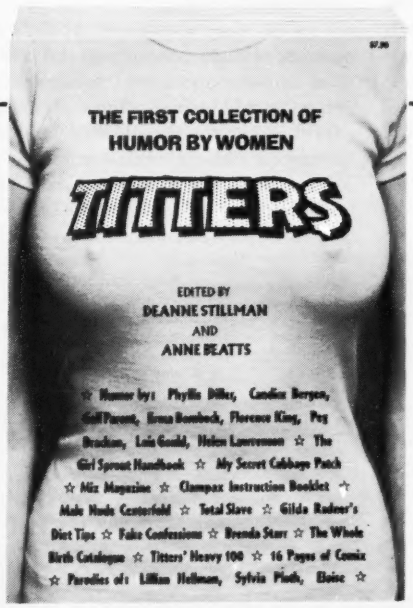
marks casually, "We prayed together as we always do. . . ." They pledged to tell each other the truth always. John Dean reports that he is a very unskilled liar, and that when he took a lie detector test, and was instructed to prevaricate, he "almost broke the machine." But he neglected to fill Mo in on his professional activities: "Looking back," she writes, "I do not regard John's not telling me about Watergate as a failure to abide by this agreement. It was just one of the many elements of his work for the President, and neither of us wanted to talk all night about what he had been doing all day."

Who can blame them? He was a busy boy. At thirty-one, after having practiced law for six months, he found himself at the bottom of the greasy pole and eager for a climb. His principal talent was an ability and willingness to kiss ass, as he confesses with almost lubricious eagerness. He was a clothes-wearing man, and he managed to work peoples' first names into almost every sentence of his conversations with them, just to remind them that he remembered who they were. (He has not yet suppressed this tic.) A dilemma that put him on the rack was the matter of John Mitchell, his early patron. Could he call this mighty fellow "John?" Finally he did, just as he decided to throw him to the hounds of vengeance.

As soon as he was settled in the White House, Dean developed "a plan of advancement." Simply, he would insinuate himself into as many of the affairs of his superiors as he could, building a practice like any conventional eager-beaver novice lawyer, building a reputation as a can-do, want-to, kid. Got problems with conflict of interest? Here's Johnny. Your wife's a pain in the ass? Dean will find you a divorce lawyer. Problems with an illegal break in? Let's see what can be done. You want to bust Hunt's safe? Here we go. . . .

And nothing was neglected on the personal side. Dean learned the jargon of "game plans" and "stroking sessions." He agonized with his colleagues when someone turned scared or—God forbid!—honest, and wandered "off the reservation." He even practiced the device of stroking on his wife, giving her when she thought of leaving him before they were married an engagement ring, which would "keep me 'on the reservation' . . . and yet without a wedding ring or even a firm commitment of one. . . ." Here was a man eager to grease life's





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wheels. Sometimes this was unpleasant for John Dean. One day, for example, the President called him into the Oval Office and offered him a cup of coffee, "which I declined. When he offered it again, I accepted. I was too timid to tell the President that I hate coffee and never drink it, it does terrible things to my body." He was a quick study, however. Later, at a prayer breakfast (Jesus!), Mo suffered as "John handed me a cup of coffee, took one himself, and began to 'circulate.' I kept an eye out for the woman in the same dress, but she never appeared, thank goodness."

Mo is, as what televiewer can forget, "The glass of fashion and the mould of form, /The observ'd of all observers." I quote Shakespeare in deference to her own affection for that Famous Man, whose own *Macbeth* she harks unto with such portentous effect: "The President was no more successful in saying, 'Out, damned shadow' than Lady Macbeth had been in ordering: 'Out, damned spot.' In fact, the shadow darkened. . . ." And suddenly it was time for the Senate hearings! "Being preoccupied with the statement he was going to make, and being a man, John of course had given no thought to the fact that a woman about to go on view before thirty million people must concern herself with what she is going to wear. At least this woman must. 'Just look like a wife,' " John said. Just like a man! Well, they quarreled so about Mo's turban that she almost stayed home. But the rest is, she'd surely say, history. Her mother brought her the news that she was "beautiful" on screen. Not weird, as some thought, but beautiful. Mo has a sense of proportion about these things: "Well, I may have looked beautiful to Mom, but to me I looked like a large size 12—double my normal 6. I went very easy on the pizza and cheeseburgers that night," the night of the day when John Dean's decision to tell the truth for a change "saved the nation from a President and an administration that could have wrecked it. Absolutely wrecked it." Mo admits that "there is a little of the historian in me," and she senses these things (woman's intuition!), so how could a couple of nice youngsters have got themselves caught up in such a mob of scoundrels?

There were helicopters and limousines. Special telephones that ring louder than regular telephones, and more often. The company of the great, awesome creatures like Maurice Stans, a member of the CPA Hall of Fame, and Richard Nixon himself. One day John and Mo, King and Queen for a Day, wrenched from their Florida honeymoon by the press of cover-up business, were privileged to fly on Air Force One with Himself. The President came aft from his private quarters, paused before the newlyweds, extended his hand to Mo: "Thank goodness I had the presence of mind to shake it rather than kiss it. With my latent Catholicism stirring within, the thought of kissing his hand did cross my mind—fleetingly. I would have died of embarrassment if I had." (Suppose the Commander in Chief had extended his ass to this latent Catholic's hubby! Who would have been embarrassed then?)

"To fly with the President of the United States and First Family in the presidential plane! It was a long way from Mar Vista for Sidney Charles Kane and Irene Kelly's little girl Mo, and she had to pinch herself a time or two to make sure she wasn't dreaming." What was so special about Air Force One? Well, for one thing it "looked like a giant, majestic bird with its wings outstretched, ready to take flight. . . . I get a tingle in my spine looking at it." And if that weren't enough, once aboard "We knew right where to sit. There were name cards for every passenger."

So deep did this experience of privileged flight cut, so high did it lift, that airborne metaphors continued to buzz in Mo's fancy long after the event. When the President ordered his counsel to Camp David to write a piece of fiction, a Watergate "report," Mo was asked along. "That put me on Cloud Nine. . . . I was terror-stricken. What, I asked myself, does a woman wear to Camp David?" She muddled through, and found special jackets hanging in their closet, bearing the Camp David seal. And she didn't even know she and John were supposed to take them with them when they left! They were a gift from the taxpayers to the taxpayers' guests.

We are generous people, you and I. We were eager to put Trick at his ease in San Clemente and at Key Biscayne. The Air Force One so moving to Mo was a junker as far as we and our President were concerned, and he replaced it with one that had shag carpeting of a deeper blue. He lost patience with the Presidential Yacht *Sequoia*, and one of John Dean's duties was to come up with a more suitably elegant replacement. Here was a President who knew his mind. Too awkward to remove his fountain pen cap from its body without deep study, he nevertheless had a sense of history, as he liked to remind himself, ruminating about the Hiss case. In the Oval Office was a desk which once belonged to Woodrow Wilson. It was a lovely desk, according to Dean, who found the Presidential rug rather tacky. "The President liked to sit with his feet on it, and his heels had scarred the top. Once, when he was out of the country," Dean reports, "someone noticed the damaged mahogany surface and sent the desk out to be refinished. When he returned, Nixon noticed that his heel marks had been removed. 'Dammit, I didn't order that,' he snapped. 'I want to leave *my* mark on this place just like other Presidents.' "

Well why not? Ike put the signature of his golf cleats on the floor of the office. Snooty Ike didn't care to see too much of Vice President Nixon. Told Prime Minister Macmillan he couldn't stand to have him on the place at Camp David. Tables turned now, Ike dead, Pluck and Luck from Whittier up there whenever he pleases, and with his own pool recently built, more elegant than what he found. Camp David: "all the trappings of royalty were present," Mo observed. Such as? Her eye is shrewd: "The cabins at Camp David are not plush, but they are oh so comfortable. In the main large rooms there are double and twin beds," (in case there are ten in each room?) "a night stand, and lots and lots of telephones." There is even "a television set—color, of course." Even John, not much of a gusher, was impressed: " 'You couldn't pay for such services.' "

But John, as history will recollect, was busy at Camp David, trying to figure out how to save his nation's ass, and his own. He was working on the March 21 meeting with his Leader, a meeting that "will never be forgotten as long as there is a United States." Later Mo would give up on the Watergate trial because it bored her, and she found life with John in seclusion at Bethany Beach in Delaware while he prepared his testimony "a drag" without television or even radio. There is only so much history can do for a girl, and Mo had her limits, so Camp David let her down: "I played pool with myself. . . . I looked at the books. They were all old and dull." She was about to go crazy with boredom when suddenly she remembered that guests at Camp David can see any movie they care to see, and she watched five in

three days from a sofa "nine feet long! I measured it." Now there's an Imperial Presidency for you.

Why are we going through all this? *Blind Ambition* is the November full selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club (*Mo* was the responsibility of the Literary Guild), and the good judges have publicly searched their consciences: "There was a time of it deciding what to do about . . . *Blind Ambition*. There was a strong feeling that the scoundrels had made quite enough money out of their Watergate follies. . . ." But they got their consciences under control sufficiently to put more money in Dean's purse, and their own, because he "must be heard out." (The club might have offered the book, as it has offered others, *pro bono publico*, and free to its citizen readers. It might rain frogs and gold pieces before sunup tomorrow.)

There are bits and pieces of news here. An implication that Nixon admitted to Dean having counterfeited a typewriter in the Hiss case. A report of Liddy's willingness to have himself shot by his superiors. Testimony that President Ford perjured himself at his confirmation hearings, that he was controlled by the White House when he sabotaged an early House investigation of Watergate. Confirmation that Nixon always knew as much, more than, Dean about the break-in and coverup. Mitchell's promise that "'If anyone tries to charge me with anything, I'm just going to stonewall it.'" A report that Howard Baker was a devious rascal, conspiring with the White House in private during the Senate hearings while he played the part of Senator Sanctimony on camera. (This is told in great and chilling detail in Samuel Dash's current *Chief Counsel:* Random House, 275 pp., $10.)

But mostly what is here is gossip, and a sense of what any sane person has always suspected of these thugs. Dean writes as coldly as he has lived, and sometimes far better than his sophomoric report for *Rolling Stone* on the Republican Convention would have led me to expect. (He's still trying to please the boss, cutting himself with ludicrous ineptitude to fit Hunter Thompson's form.) He still manages to inflict damage on his colleagues, reporting that one—find his name on your own—was probably caught in a raid on a whorehouse, that another reads *Playboy* and looks at the centerfold. I won't say who this latter is, but I've changed my mind about the former. Ronnie Ziggy. It wouldn't be fair to him not to squeal on the other: Maurice Stans.

What's left to know? If people choose shitheels to lead them, they'll be led by shitheels. Thieves steal paper clips and rubber bands from the office.

There is one final question, I guess. Chuck Colson and John Dean, during an idle moment in the slammer, asked it of Jeb Magruder. Why did they bug Larry O'Brien? "'Well, it just seemed like a good idea,' Jeb said evasively."

Movies

Tycoons and tirades

By Richard Corliss

"I noticed the girl long before Stahr arrived at the dance. Not a pretty girl, for there are none of those in Los Angeles—one girl can be pretty, but a dozen are only a chorus. Nor yet a professional beauty—they do all the breathing for everyone, and finally even the men have to go outside for air. Just a girl, with the skin of one of Raphael's corner angels and a style that made you look back twice to see if it were something she had on."

This is Cecilia Brady, the young narrator of *The Last Tycoon*, speaking of the novel's heroine, Kathleen Moore. And this is Scott Fitzgerald, at the burnt-out end of his shooting-star life, writing what every English Comp. professor wants his students to emulate as classic American prose—that serene balance of the colloquial and the poetic, the discovery of images and incidents that seem both brand new and immediately recognizable from the collective American unconscious. With their searching, doomed heroes and their beautiful women who offer everything but themselves, Fitzgerald's novels and short stories were pigeonholed as the apotheosis of Jazz Age romance; and the author himself, following the tritest scenario from resolute madcap to dissolute madman, seemed sent from heaven (or Central Casting) as the soul of an adolescent age. That's why he was considered washed up in 1937 when he went to write scripts in Hollywood "with the resignation of a ghost assigned to a haunted house." It's also why the seventies has taken Fitzgerald to its nostalgic heart, and why in the last few years we've seen half-a-dozen movies and TV shows based on the author's life and works.

Fitzgerald would be the first to recognize the irony here. His last years in Hollywood were spent mostly in fruitless, pathetic arguments with the moguls, pleading that the scripts on which he'd lavished such care not be

Nicholson, DeNiro and Boulting: heightening senses instead of bludgeoning them.

rewritten or discarded. He received screen credit on only one major film, MGM's *Three Comrades*. But little of the movie's dialogue was his; most of it was the work of the producer, Joe Mankiewicz. In a poignant memo, Fitzgerald told Mankiewicz: "For nineteen years, with two years out for sickness, I've written best-selling entertainment, and my dialogue is supposedly right up at the top. . . . I am utterly miserable at seeing months of work and thought negated in one hasty week. . . . Oh, Joe, can't producers ever be wrong? I'm a good writer—honest." Mankiewicz's reply, to Fitzgerald biographer Aaron Latham: "I didn't count on Scott for dialogue. There could be no greater disservice done him than to have actors read his novels aloud as if they were plays. . . . Scott's dialogue was unspeakable."

Now comes the movie of **The Last Tycoon**, adapted by Harold Pinter, produced by Sam Spiegel and directed by Elia Kazan—and it's as faithful to the novel, and to the author's "unspeakable" dialogue, as any Fitzgerald hero is to his dream woman. The hero here is Monroe Stahr, a Hollywood producer modeled on Irving Thalberg, MGM's "boy wonder" production chief from 1922 to his death 14 years later at 37. Fitzgerald had worked briefly for Thalberg in 1931, and though it was Thalberg who instituted the "relay team" system of rewriting scripts, and was as responsible as anyone for turning Hollywood into "a mining town in lotus land," the novelist admired the producer for his intelligence, his grace and (not least) his lovely wife, actress Norma Shearer. As Thalberg did, Stahr controls every aspect of moviemaking, from the purchase of a property, through casting and script changes, to the choice of which "takes" go into the finished film. His board of directors thinks of him as a genius; the propmen and electricians see him as a friendly eminence; his actors come to him for advice as they would to a priest, whether the problem is sudden impotence or a bad case of the frizzies. On this lot, there are many stars but only one Stahr. His sagacity—or his quiet power—leaves the mere mortals around him speechless with envy or awe.

Robert DeNiro's performance as Stahr is, like the character, both restrained and spectacular, and it has the holy-man's dignity of DeNiro's Don Corleone in *The Godfather, Part II*. But the young Don wore his authority like a three-piece suit (close fitting, Italian cut); Stahr wears it like a straitjacket. Exercising all that power without ever raising his voice is becoming strenuous for the dream-factory tycoon. It gives him, as Cecilia describes it in the novel—and as you can see in DeNiro—a "face that was aging from within, so that there were no casual furrows of worry and vexation but a drawn asceticism as if from a silent self-set struggle—or a long illness." Stahr also has "the kind of eyes that can stare straight into the sun"; but once he focuses them on Kathleen Moore, he's blinded by her radiance.

From the moment of her appearance one night on a flooded studio set, Kathleen changes Stahr's life, gives it shape and a certain forlorn grandeur. Her attraction for Stahr is not just in the eerie resemblance she has to his dead movie-star wife. It's that Kathleen is the only person he's met who is more mysterious, who keeps more concealed, than he—and the only person who doesn't seem to need what he has to offer. Stahr becomes the writer-producer-director of his own obsession. And we see her as he does: through the soft focus and illuminated fountains of his *amour fou*. Stahr sees Kathleen

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through people; he can sense her presence at a crowded party; when he's with her he has to hold on to things to steady himself. He never takes his eyes from her; he's filming every second of their few hours together to screen in his mind for the rest of his life.

In the novel Kathleen is almost as drawn to Stahr as he is to her. The words of her siren song are "We can't," but the music says, "We must." In the movie this subtext is missing. The movie has, in Emily Dickinson's phrase, "the facts but not the phosphorescence." So Monroe Stahr becomes a standard besotted hero out of *film noir*, like James Stewart in Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, obsessed with a woman who resembles his dead lover. And Kathleen (newcomer Ingrid Boulting) becomes the woman of mystery who, fatally but not fatefully, allows herself to be loved. Her pale face reflects Stahr's love-light without reciprocating it. It's only under Stahr's weak knees that the California earth trembles.

In most other respects the movie is doggedly, even daringly, faithful to the novel. The film even ends where the novel did—about two-thirds of the way through the story, at which point Fitzgerald died of a heart attack. The novel was ultimately to tell two interweaving stories: Stahr's affair with Kathleen, and his fight to save the company from his pernicious rivals on the lot and in New York. Fitzgerald never had a chance to develop the second story, and the movie does little more than to hint at the corporate struggle. It leaves Stahr stripped of his duties by Cecilia's scheming father (Robert Mitchum), haunted (like Scarlett O'Hara at the end of *Gone With the Wind*) by portentous voices from the past, and determined (like Scarlett) to win back his lost love. There is no second act in *The Last Tycoon*.

But even in its "unfinished" state, the movie is never less than fascinating, and one of the few this year I'd recommend to viewers who want their senses heightened instead of bludgeoned. Here Fitzgerald hasn't been embalmed (as in Jack Clayton's *The Great Gatsby*) or trivialized (as in Joan Micklin Silver's *Bernice Bobs Her Hair*) or lugubriated (as in James Costigan's TV drama, *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood*) or exploited (as in ABC-TV's *F. Scott Fitzgerald and 'The Last of the Belles'*). What Pinter and Kazan have done is to illustrate, tastefully and with due reverence, the novel's prose and concerns. (It is, after all, a 124-minute movie made from a 126-page book.)

From Pinter you expect this: his last filmed screenplay was an extremely close adaptation of L.P. Hartley's *The Go Between*. But Kazan's treatment of the material is more surprising. His movies (*A Streetcar Named Desire, On the Waterfront, The Arrangement*), like DeNiro's performances, have usually keyed into a theatrical turbulence that finally explodes into high-voltage melodrama. The films are X-rays of the emotional lightning streaking through their protagonists' guts. But the rhythm of *The Last Tycoon* is elegiac, post-coital—the rhythm of a woman resting on her lover's chest, and breathing in time with him as he sleeps. It's not that Kazan and DeNiro have lost the spark, but that they've caught the novel's tempo, and are honoring it. And Kazan challenges you to accept this tempo, to see why he's taking his time. He wants you to pay attention to DeNiro's caged stillness, to listen for the rustle of silk against silk as Cecilia (Theresa Russell) crosses her legs, to spot the Arab-dressed extras playing catch on the back lot and the two Heinz Ketchup

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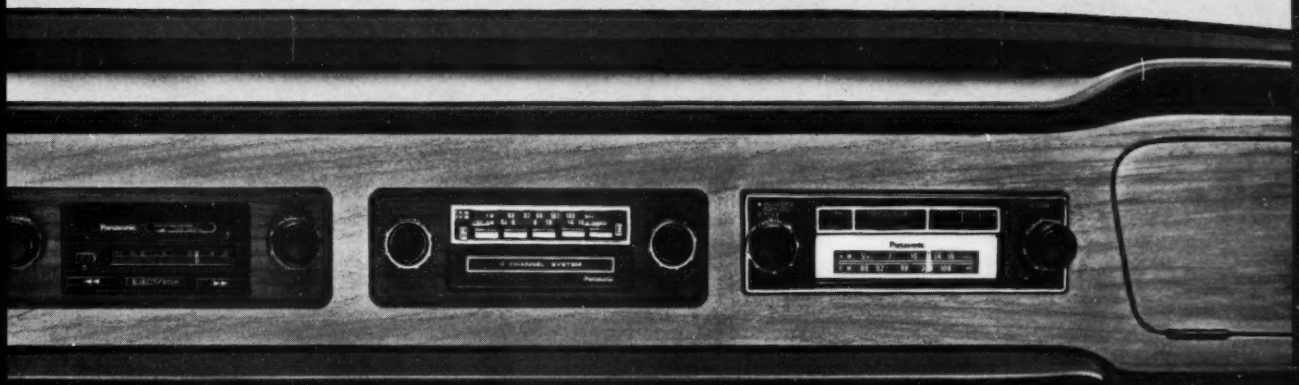

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There are ample rewards for this attention: a hilarious scene with DeNiro and Tony Curtis as a fidgety Latin lover terrified because he's "lost *it*"; the breathtaking old-movie clout of Stahr's first vision of Kathleen, a naiad on the back lot; the underplayed erotic intensity of the lovers' first kiss. Many of today's moviegoers, prodded by violence until they're numb, might see *The Last Tycoon*'s central story—an old-fashioned love affair carrying its own moral and emotional imperatives—as a drippy kind of romantic egotism. For me it shows the work (and a meticulous movie reworking) of American literature's great romantic intelligence.

"The cleverly expressed opposite of any generally accepted idea is worth a fortune to somebody." Fitzgerald wrote this, and Paddy Chayefsky has acted on it. In his script for **Network** he argues against the received wisdom that the function of commercial television is to keep America just wide enough awake to be receptive to the commercials. Chayefsky has another idea: he thinks TV has the potential to create a Father Coughlin of the seventies—a vidiot savant who could mesmerize the country with his raving, and himself be hypnotized by some venal corporate bigwig. Maybe Chayefsky will make a fortune from this aperçu. The movie, a prime example of liberal paranoia at its dumbest and most smug, has its partisans—including a fellow sitting next to me at the screening who was as easily manipulated into a psychotic rage as any of Chayefsky's steroid cuckoos. But this isn't a proof of *Network*'s thesis, it's a rebuttal. Today's *movies* titillate, excite, antagonize, provoke the viewer: TV is a drug—and not a stimulant but a soporific, as this year's reporting of the Presidential campaign has demonstrated. And it's the movie companies that have been consumed by multinational conglomerates. The Monroe Stahrs have been replaced by agents and accountants.

Chayefsky wants you to believe that the lowest-rated network (say, ABC) could suddenly vault to Number One by allowing its nightly-news anchorman (say, Howard K. Smith) to go bonkers on the air and spout off his nutty ideas to an enthralled national audience. Meanwhile, an ambitious, woman executive (say, Lin Bolen, NBC vice president of daytime programming, who drew big numbers with sexy soaps and game-show hysteria) turns the news into a Roman circus, and the rest of prime time into urban carnage for fun and profit. The network chairman (say, William Paley—only here he's called "Ruddy," get it?) watches it all happen, and mankind's only hope is that the nasty lady exec will fall in love with the boss of network news (say, Fred Friendly). Finally, the rudderless anchorman's ratings drop, and he is assassinated on the air by some Maoist crazies (say, the SLA).

The movie is riddled with too many misconceptions to go into here; but events of the past TV year have shown how ignorant *Network* is about the way shows become hits. As it happens, ABC (the third network) has quickly become the highest-rated, with nothing more revolutionary than Fred Silverman, Farrah Fawcett-Majors and The Fonz. Chayefsky's conspiracy theories are crackpot—and boring, since they're wrapped in endless monologues. People don't have conversations in this movie, they deliver lectures. And all Sidney Lumet can do to stage these tirades is have his actors pace nervously around the room. Most of the talented cast (Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, Beatrice Straight) look trapped, and most of the performances turn desperate, if only to give their characters some energy. It's this energy that may make *Network* a hit—and may make Chayefsky a fortune when the movie is sold for showing on network TV.

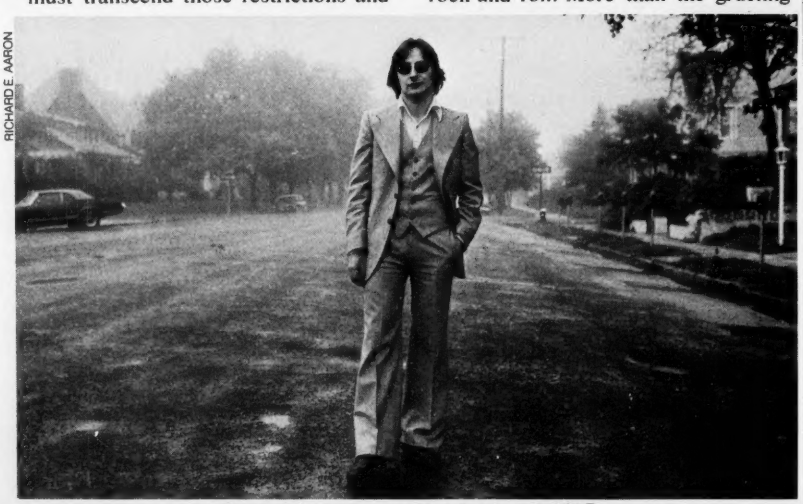
Music

More than just a bar band

By Kit Rachlis

Bar bands are the life blood of rock and roll. From Chuck Berry to the Beatles to Lynyrd Skynyrd, it's how most rock and rollers get their start. Any town of some size in America boasts at least one bar with one band churning out R&B or C&W or some form of rock and roll every night. Whatever the band performs, the music must be functional: the audience must be able to dance to it and drink by it.

Like most matters concerning rock and roll, the relationship between performer and audience even at this elementary level is crucial. If a group is to survive economically, it is by necessity a creature of the prevailing audience. If the bar policy is punk rock, the band must play punk rock; if the policy is Top Forty, it plays Top Forty. But if a group is to survive aesthetically, it must transcend those restrictions and create its own audience. If a band cannot reconcile these two impulses, then it will have flunked its first lesson in rock and roll. More than the grueling



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long nights, low wages and lousy sound systems, it is this test which invariably determines whether a bar band will become more than just a bar band.

During the eighteen months prior to last June Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes played in a bar called the Stone Pony in Asbury Park, New Jersey, three nights a week, five sets a night. Those eighteen months have now paid off in a debut album for Epic, *I Don't Want to Go Home*, and a two-month national tour. As critic Bob Christgau has written, rock and roll is both valid and vital as work. And the nine-member Jukes (vocalist, bass, drums, piano, guitar, plus four horns) have worked the numerous bars along the Jersey shore in a variety of bands since they were teens. What was originally a way to pass through adolescence has become a way of life.

"It's a job without working," says Jukes pianist Kevin Kavanaugh. "We're doing everything we want to do and enjoy ourselves. We don't have to take a commuter to an office or sweat out in a factory and look forward to a two-week vacation. How many people can say that? The money's not good. Hell, with a band our size the overhead is huge. But most of us can't do anything else. Everybody's tried. I worked as a reporter for two years. I was making a lot more money than I am now. If I had stayed I would have had security. But I didn't want that. This is fun."

That innocence and commitment to rock and roll as a self-defining force can be heard in the Jukes' music. They play rhythm and blues in the tradition of the Coasters, Ray Charles, Sam and Dave and Aretha Franklin. Their proficiency more than matches their zest. In Johnny Lyon they have a muscular and aggressive vocalist, who remains true to R&B precisely because he avoids imitation or affectation. Propelled by the horn section, the band consistently flies in swift and tight formation. In concert, the Jukes' idea of pacing is to never let up. What distinguishes the Jukes, however, is that they have translated their relentlessly visceral bar sound into a polished recording style—something few bar bands ever accomplish.

The person chiefly responsible for *I Don't Want to Go Home* is "Miami Steve" Van Zandt. Until he became the guitarist for long-time friend Bruce Springsteen last year, Van Zandt along with Lyon was the co-leader of the Jukes. As the band's manager and record producer, he retains that posi-

tion *in absentia*. ("Johnny's and my theory of democracy and bands is simple," he says. "It doesn't work.") Though a novice, Van Zandt displays on *I Don't Want to Go Home* all the qualities of a superior producer: an excellent ear for arrangements (particularly for horns), a sure psychological sense, and the intelligence to hire a good engineer (in this case, Jimmy Iovine, who worked on Springsteen's *Born To Run*).

Specifically trying to capture the R&B sound style of the 1950s Atlantic and Stax/Volt records, Van Zandt stripped the arrangements down, excised almost all the solos, and emphasized the bass and drums. In a further attempt to recreate an earlier style, he recorded almost all the basic tracks live. "If I had my way," he says half in jest, "I would have recorded the album on cassette. If the band is an anachronism I would hope so. I don't like most of what's going on now. I don't worry about being trendy. The music was great then, it's great now, and it'll be great in the future."

Half of the album's songs are R&B oldies. Though the interpretations more than do justice to the originals, it is the versions of Springsteen's "The Fever" and Van Zandt's title tune which highlight the album. A haunting tale of desperate love, "The Fever" cuts through the good times and freneticism of the album like a jagged knife. In contrast, "I Don't Want to Go Home" is a soaring, majestic homage to infinite possibility. The Jukes have poured all of their love for R&B into this song and come up with an R&B classic of their own.

But the success of the Jukes also reveals their limitations. They are sentimental in the most fundamental sense. They are yearning for and creating a rock and roll of the past. Though they are cocky, the Jukes' appeal rests on the humility of their vision. "We're not looking to be superstars," says Kavanaugh. "We don't want to sell out Madison Square Garden. We don't have the ingredients for that. We just want a steady and decent following, enough to play large clubs or medium size halls. And I don't want the band to be just a one-shot. I guess the one thing I'd like is a gold album. I'd like to say that I accomplished that."

Records

By Jim Miller

★★**Technical Ecstasy,** *Black Sabbath* (Warner Bros.). Specialists in that highly amplified breed of rock called "heavy metal," Black Sabbath are also knowing veterans of the doped-out donnybrooks that pass for rock and roll concerts these days. They have survived the combat zone intact but disillusioned: for they understand that rock, which once promised good times for all, has become a precarious form of solipsistic escape.

Thus, when lead singer and lyricist Ozzy Osbourne whines "Nobody will change the way I feel," he means it as a pathetic admission as well as a defiant boast. Similarly, when he says he's "gotta see" the "rock and roll doctor," it's with an awareness that the doctor stays on the job mainly for the money. "So listen to the music," he continues, donning the doctor's hat, "want to see you get high." But his tone is more plaintive than aggressive, for he knows firsthand that this doctor deals in placebos.

That leaves the music, a mix of choppy riffs and lumbering sludge familiar to all Sabbath fans—a remarkably loyal lot, to judge from the British quartet's six gold albums since 1970. But while this isn't always a particularly pleasant record to listen to, it *is* saying something. Technical ecstasy: isn't that what most hard rock has come down to in the seventies?

★★★**Closeness,** *Charlie Haden* (A&M/Horizon). Bassist Haden in a set of probing duets with Keith Jarrett (piano), Alice Coletrane (harp), Paul Motian (percussion), and the elusive Ornette Coleman (alto saxophone), whose astringent solo drives Haden to his best playing here.

★★★**Texas Dance Party,** *Johnny Gimble* (Columbia). A convivial spin through Western Swing country, conducted by fiddler Gimble, a Bob Wills veteran. Recorded live in Austin.

★★**Spirit,** *Earth, Wind & Fire* (Columbia). The cover smacks of Kung Fu meditation in the Safeway Casbah, but the music is more stylishly polyglot: shades of Sly Stone, the Stylistics, even the classic Temptations, served with a dash of disco.

★**Hard Rain,** *Bob Dylan* (Columbia). Bob puts gracelessness to work on "Memphis Blues Again" and "Maggie's Farm," only to let his blundering band help him bludgeon "Shelter From the Storm," "Lay Lady Lay," and a couple of dirges from *Desire.*

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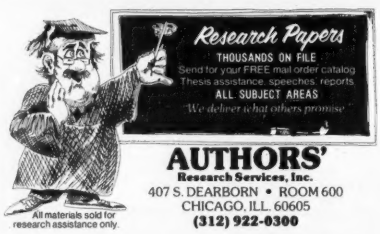

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Food

Secret lusts department/By Miriam Ungerer

I wonder: does John Simon have clandestine lunch dates with *As the World Turns?* Does Leontyne Price ever put on the earphones and listen to Barry White? Could Julia Child and other gastronomic idols lust in their hearts for junk food Brillat-Savarin would never forgive? Here I am, the Bob Scheer of food writers, to tell you.

Julia Child admits that she used to steal a nickel from her Sunday School money to "buy five jawbreakers that changed color and flavor and finally ended in a seed. And there were licorice whips. . . ." But that was many truffled pâtés ago. She still loves tuna fish sandwiches, nothing fancy-dress—"just tuna fish sandwiches, and hamburgers and hot dogs . . . if they're made of really good hot dog . . . and oh, yes, I love those little goldfish-shaped crackers."

James Beard, whose well-documented diet must be causing him Technicolor food fantasies these days, gets 1 A.M. yearnings for Coney Island Redhots. "They started in Detroit, you know—around the beginning of the 20th century—frankfurters with chili and loads of chopped raw onion. Tacos, I love tacos—and marshmallows, neat. As a child at the beach, I'd eat mine raw: I didn't like to blacken mine in the fire." Although fine cookery was a given in his childhood, Beard recalls an overwhelming fondness for "great big gumdrops, chewy as hell, about an inch and a half in diameter, all different colors and covered with sugar."

Craig Claiborne says "any food conscientiously made isn't really junk food. . . . I love chili con carne." Well, he's right about chili—it isn't junk food, but I think the *Times* food editor is being too charitable. For instance, no matter how conscientious the Pringle's people are, Pringle's are rotten. Claiborne is revolted by American white bread, grape jelly and peanut butter ("God, how I hate peanut butter"), or any combination thereof. Ditto pretzels.

Gael Greene, restaurant critic and recent novelist, has very strong feelings about peanut butter too: she loves it. "As the Madeleine was to Proust, peanut butter is to me." Our epicure finds happiness with something called a Peanut-butter Cup, and once taste-tested "Skippy peanut butter with Smokey Crisps [artificial bacon bits]. I think it was withdrawn from the market after testing—I was probably the only person in the sample who liked them."

Alfredo Viazzi, New York's hottest and most acclaimed new restaurateur, was readying his third place, the Alfredo's Settebello in Greenwich Village, when we talked. Although it hasn't invaded his menus, America has definitely gotten to Alfredo. Pushcart hotdogs: "even if I'm not hungry, I buy two and sneak around on Bank Street to eat them—once I saw terror on the face of one of my customers when he caught me. My waiters and chefs say 'Alfredo is eating his dog food again' when I make a meal of Sinnenthal [an Italian tinned meat rather like Spam] and arugula salad." It sounds like a German punishment inflicted on the

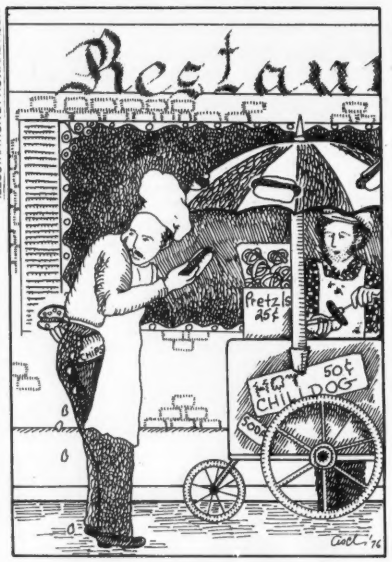


ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD ASCH

Italians during World War II. Although Alfredo doesn't care for our soft drinks or junky sweets, he's enchanted by milk shakes, Oreo cookies and those dessicated jerky sticks in the grocery store called "Slim Jim."

From Alexis Bespaloff, my favorite oenologist, I had hoped to extract a confession of longing for a midnight Yoo-hoo or some equally disgusting secret. Nothing, just nothing. After several hours mulling the matter, Alex comes up with "well, I eat very simply, but I do like an occasional ice cream cone." Maybe it's being Belgian by birth—or more likely, he's protecting his wine-taster's palate.

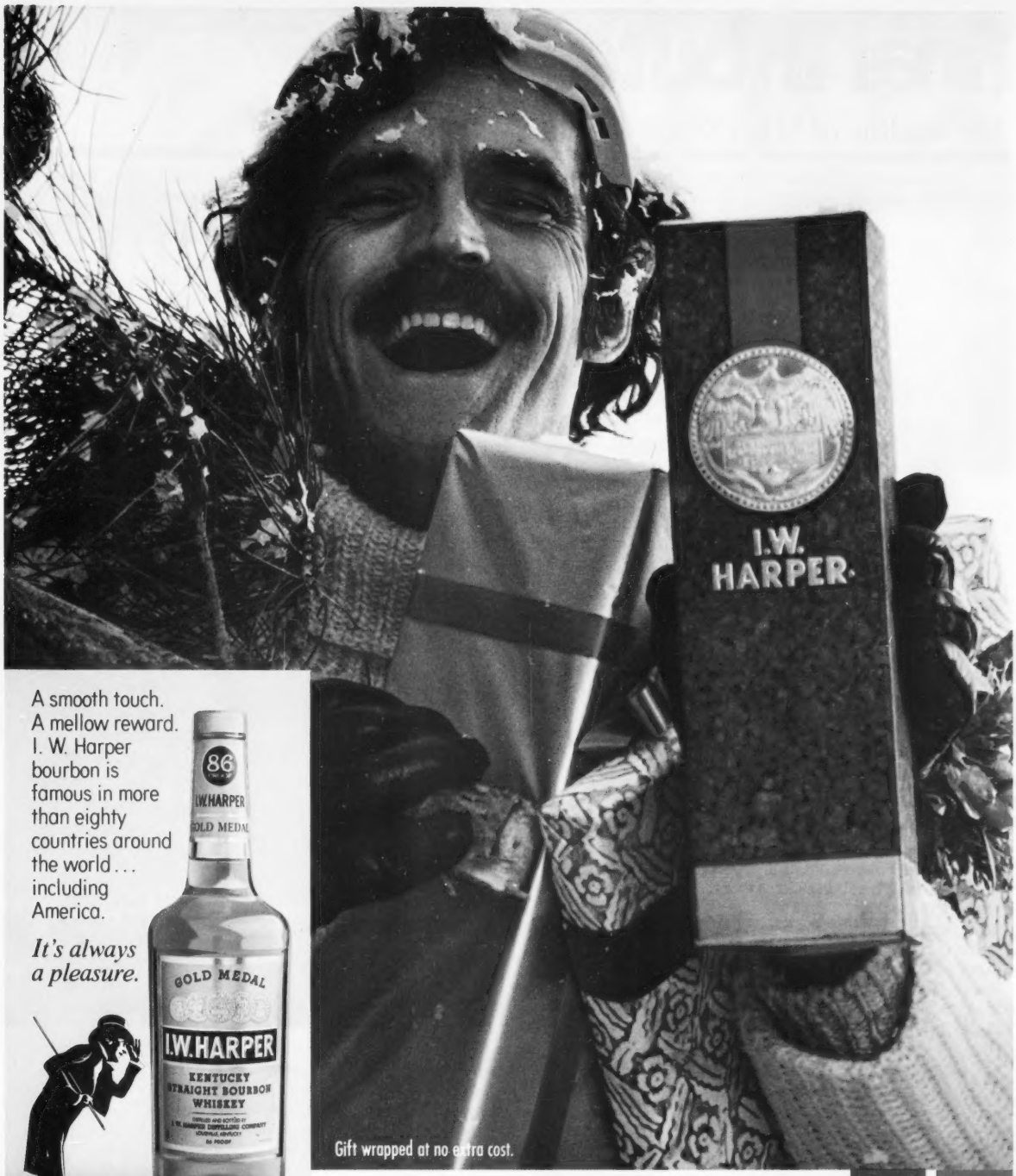
Seymour Britchky, professional eater and author of the invaluable *The Restaurants of New York*, has outgrown a childhood love of potato knishes: "they're inedible now." Although Britchky has a sincere aversion to most things trashy—doesn't even own a TV set—he is a bit of a potato freak. "French fried potatoes have a certain appeal even in their worst forms." If a bartender keeps the supply of salted nuts coming, "they've got me for three hours as a customer." With nothing to summon base desires, Britchky keeps his appetite honed for restaurant reviewing—often enough to the distress of the reviewee.

Calvin Trillin, *New Yorker* reporter and an ardent *amateur* of junk food (see his definitive work, *American Fried*), doesn't exist solely on Cincinnati chili and Kansas city barbeque. He loves Beluga caviar and "will eat anything in a fancy French restaurant—of course I have to sneak out the back door to protect my reputation. Alice [Mrs. Trillin] says I'm an eclectic eater when she's in a kind mood—what she really means is that I'll eat anything but Coke bottles. On special occasions such as Alice's birthday—which usually lasts about a week—we eat out every night at French restaurants."

M. F. K. Fisher, the doyenne of American gastronomes, is in Provence at the moment. But rifling through some of her many books, I found this in *With Bold Knife and Fork:*

"Craving—the actual continued need for something . . . sometimes lasts for one's lifetime. There is no satisfying it, except temporarily, and that can spell death or ruin." So Mrs. Fisher abstains from her lifelong passion, potato chips, even though ". . . they hang like square cellophane fruit on wire trees in all the grocery stores, to tempt me sharply every time I pass them." Because her tyrannical grandmother outlawed catsup in the Kennedy household, little Mary Frances developed a wistful dream of having all she wanted of the "vulgar" stuff—a pool of it dented into a mountain of mashed potatoes! As an adult she finally realized her mad dream, and loved it. Once. She keeps that gustatory experience wrapped in the tissue paper of memory, all set to break out a bowl of it in heaven with Mark Twain, whose strange craving long preceded M. F. K.'s.

With me it's popcorn—past, present and always—hot, salty and buttery. I'd even go to the opera if there was popcorn in the lobby. ●



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Final Tribute

The decline of Main Street / By Jim Wright

Give wily old Walt the credit. If he and his army of architects hadn't seen fit to immortalize it in his vision of the past and future that is Disneyland, few of us would have noticed the eclipse of that venerable American institution, Main Street.

That the corpse was still warm when Disney decided to embalm it in his Magic Kingdom is not important. That Main Street somehow deserved a better fate is. To be miniaturized, sanitized and put on display with the Country Bears' Jamboree, the Enchanted Tiki Room and Mr. Toad's Wild Ride is not the way an American tradition ought to be enshrined.

Main Street America, after all, has been equated with *mainstream* America for the better part of this country's 200 years. In its heyday, it was an avenue peopled by the stout of heart. The blue-suited banker, the family doctor, even the town drunk: each was grist for a Norman Rockwell canvas.

The cities have also left their imprint on the American way of life, to be sure, but it was the small towns that came to house the American dream. As Woodrow Wilson put it 76 years ago, "This history of a nation is only the history of its villages written large."

If writers the likes of Sinclair Lewis (in *Main Street*) and Sherwood Anderson (in *Winesburg, Ohio*) found fault with the way this history was taking shape, their quarrel was not so much with the small towns themselves but with a small-town mentality that refused to see beyond the village limits. Wrote Lewis of that myopia: "Main Street is the climax of civilization. That this Ford car might stand in front of the Bon Ton Store, Hannibal invaded Rome and Erasmus wrote in Oxford cloisters."

Some may argue that Sinclair Lewis' description is still appropriate, save for the fact that the Bon Ton store has moved to the shopping center on the outskirts of town, and the car in question could now just as easily be a Datsun or Toyota. That is to miss the point. The point is that the shopping plaza *is* the new Main Street, and America is all the worse for it.

Say what you will about small towns' parochialism, but until the shopping center invasion, at least each village had a distinct personality. The old cigar store, a hodge-podge of cap pistols, bubble pipes, five-cent cheroots, jawbreakers and a month of sundries. The hardware store, with its ceiling fans, creaky wooden floor, bins full of nails and sacks of cow manure. The barber shop (and rumor headquarters), with its massive chairs, razor strops, rows of hair tonics and dog-eared copies of *Argosy*. The town hotel, with its spindle beds, sloping floors, wash basins and toilets down the hall.

These days the old cigar store has gone the way of penny candy. The hardware store is a home-improvement center, the barber shop is a unisex hair-styling salon, and the hotel has been replaced by three motels out by the Interstate—featuring color TV, air conditioning, heated swimming pool and easy-on/easy-off access.

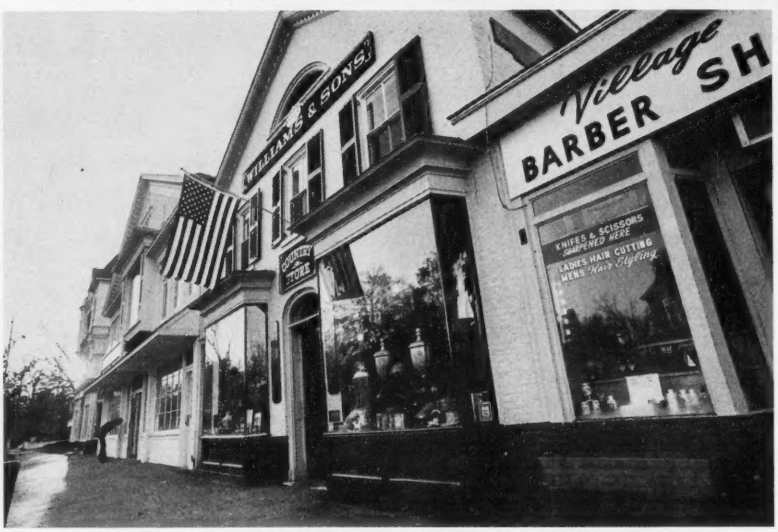
Similarly, the independent merchant has given way to the independent franchisee. A town's leading burghers are the owners of the local McDonald's or Jack In The Box, only a medial strip separates Lafayette Radio from Radio Shack, and the Holiday Inn does its best to accommodate the Ramada Inn and Quality Court.

Even if the diehards maintain that Main Street is not yet bankrupt, few can deny it's on the third mortgage and several months behind in payments. For a time it could coexist with mini malls, but the enormous boom of the latter in the past two decades has staggered even W. T. Grant.

According to National Research Bureau statistics, the number of shopping plazas in the U.S. and Canada leaped from 976 in 1957 to a whopping 18,540 in 1975. The fact that their growth has declined substantially in the past two years only serves as an indication of how much they have saturated the countryside.

So what? So Main Street's slow fade and the rapid rise of the shopping center are achieving what even television could not do on its own: the homogenization of America. Except for the thickness of the industrial-pile carpeting, the output of the central air conditioning and the names on the department stores, you might as well be in King of Prussia, Pa., as in Wayne, N.J., Clearwater, Fla., Aurora, Ill., or Palo Alto, Cal.

And in the whole lot, you can bet there isn't one cigar store where a kid can park his butt on the front stoop, load his cap gun and swap baseball cards—let alone stand around the magazine racks and read the ten-cent comic books for free. To many, this may be a small price to pay for progress; to some, it's not progress at all.

Eric Sloane foretold this sad turn of events 21 years ago in his book, *Our Vanishing Landscape*. His words are still instructive today: "In America there are still a few quiet white villages and people who feel protected by their town's inherent taste and its persistence to stay as it was. There are those who motor out to the villages with the belief that these landmarks will always remain. But they are both wrong; the growing changes rung on the landscape of today are the Americana of tomorrow." ●

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